

FISHER'S

DRAMA WITH A PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

SCRAP BOOK

BY HENRY FISHER, R. FISHER, & P. JACKSON

BY H. F. & P. JACKSON

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MDCCCXXXV.

INTRODUCTI



1.

ND has my heart enough of song
To give these pictured lines
The poetry that must belong
To what such art designs?
The landscape, and the ruined tower
The temple's stately brow—
Methinks I never felt their power
As I am feeling now.

2.

For now I find in foreign scenes
What foreign scenes can be,
And truth with fancy intervenes,
To bring them home to me.
A few short miles, a few salt waves,
How strange a change there came—
Our lives as separate as our graves;
Is then our kind the same?

3.

Ah, yes; a thousand sympathies
Their general birth-place find,
And nature has a thousand links
To beautify and bind.
I deeply felt that song should make
One universal link,
Uniting, for each other's sake,
All those who feel and think.

4.

The poet's lovely faith creates
The beauty it believes;
The light which on his footstep waits
He from himself receives.
His lot may be a weary lot,
His thrall a heavy thrall,
And cares and griefs the crowd know not,
His heart may know them all.

5.

But still he hath a mighty dower—
The loveliness that throws
Over the common thought and hour
The colours of the rose.
A loveliness like that sweet ray
I marked this very morn,
When the first smile of early day
Amid the east was born.

6.

Fair Paris caught the crimson hue—
Well may I call it fair,
With its pure heaven of softest blue,
Its clear and sunny air—
Soft fell the morning o'er each dome
That rises mid the sky;
And, conscious of the day to come,
Demand their place on high.

INTRODUCTION.

7.

Round the Pantheon's height was wrought
A web of royal red ;
A glory as if morning brought
Its homage to the dead.
And Notre Dame's old gothic towers
Were bathed in roseate bloom,
As Time himself had scattered flowers
Over that mighty tomb.

8.

For tomb it is—those arches hide
Six centuries below :
A world of faith, and pomp, and pride,
Our days no longer know.
The streets around wore those soft hues
That fit on rosy wings,
The meanest lane drank those pure dews
The angel morning brings.

9.

They lasted not—too soon they soil—
The common day began
With all the grief, the care, the toil,
That morning brings to man.
But still it was a lovely light
That vanished from the scene ;
'Twas much, when past away from sight,
To think that it had been.

10.

All things are symbols, and we find,
In this glad morning prime.
The actual history of the mind
In its own early time.
So to the youthful poet's gaze
A thousand colours rise ;
The beautiful which soon decays,
The buoyant which soon dies.

11.

So does not die their influence,
His spirit owns the spell ;
Memory to him is music—hence
The magic of his shell.
He sings of general hopes and fears,
A universal tone ;
All weep with him, for in his tears
They recognise their own.

12.

True, that with weariness and wo
The fairy gift is won,
And many a glorious head lies low,
Ere half its race be run ;
And many a one whose lute hangs now
High on the laurel tree,
Feels that the cypress's dark bough
A fitter home would be—

13.

And turns away from many a smile,
And many a word of praise ;
And with a lonely heart the while
Regrets the price he pays.
For fame is bought by feverish nights,
By sacrifice and pain ;
The phantasie of past delights
Still haunts the poet's strain.

14.

Though he may bid, with charmed voice,
 His own wild heart be still,
 And in lull'd silence sleep, his choice
 It is not at his will.
 His fate is song, and for that song
 Doth glory track his way;
 A thousand hearts to him belong,
 Won by his gentle lay.

15.

'Tis his upon the landscape's bloom
 A deeper spell to cast;
 'Tis his, beside the ruined tomb,
 To animate the past.
 And let him think, if his own sphere
 Too visionary seem,
 Life's dearest joy, and hope, and fear,
 What are they each?—a dream.

PARTS.

L. E. L.

P R E F A C

I HAVE again the pleasant task of presenting another volume to the public;—pleasant with the remembrance of former, and the hope of future encouragement.

The character of the present work is more various than that of its predecessors. Perhaps, as it does not belong to my share in the contents, I may be permitted to point attention to the beauty and novelty of the coloured frontispiece. The music introduced is also a new feature; but I may safely leave Mr. Russel's songs to make their own welcome.

May I, while offering a fourth volume of the DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP Book to my readers, venture to rely on a continuance of that favour, at once the source and the reward of a writer's anxiety and exertion.

L. E. L.

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THE
DRAWING-ROOM / **SCRAP BOOK.**

ETTY'S ROVER.

[VIGNETTE.]

THOU lovely and thou happy child,
Ah, how I envy thee!
I should be glad to change our state,
If such a change might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
To watch a thing so fair,
To think that in our weary life
Such pleasant moments are.

A little monarch thou art there,
And of a fairy realm,
Without a foe to overthrow,
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will
And in each flesh delight,
And in thy unused heart, which makes
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,
Thy future with no fear;
The present circles thee around,
An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness
That will content a child—
A favourite dog, a sunny fruit,
A blossom growing wild.

ETTY'S ROVER.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults!
How much from our mistakes!
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!

We over-rule, and over-teach,
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No; only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
With careless heart and eye;
Enjoy those few bright hours which now,
E'en now, are hurrying by;

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder;—such at least
Its influence on me.



SASSOOR, IN THE DECCAN.

THE plate represents a temple to Mahadeo, surrounded by inferior shrines. The Hindoos usually place some religious building at the confluence of two streams: and when the accompanying view was taken, there were some cultivated gardens, and groves of beautiful trees. Still, I believe, few Indian residents but will admit the truth of the feeling which the following lines endeavour to express.

IT is Christmas, and the sunshine
Lies golden on the fields,
And flowers of white and purple,
Yonder fragrant creeper yields.

Like the plumes of some bold warrior,
The cocoa tree on high,
Lifts aloft its feathery branches,
Amid the deep blue sky.

From yonder shadowy pcepu!,
The pale fair lilac dove,
Like music from a temple,
Sings a song of grief and love.

The earth is bright with blossoms,
And a thousand jewelled wings,
Mid the green boughs of the tamarind
A sudden sunshin' flings.

For the East, is earth's first-born,
And hath a glorious dower
As Nature there had lavished
Her beauty and her power.

And yet I pine for England,
For my own—my distant home;
My heart is in that island,
Where'er my steps may roam.

It is merry there at Christmas—
We have no Christmas here;
'Tis a weary thing, a summer
That lasts throughout the year.

I remember how the banners
Hung round our ancient hall,
Bound with wreaths of shining holly,
Brave winter's coronal.

SASSOOR, IN THE DECCAN.

And above each rusty helmet
Waved a new and cheering plume,
A branch of crimson berries,
And the latest rose in bloom.

And the white and pearly mistletoe
Hung half concealed o'er head,
I remember one sweet maiden,
Whose cheek it dyed with red.

The morning waked with carols,*
A young and joyous band
Of small and rosy songsters,
Came tripping hand in hand.

And sang beneath our windows,
Just as the round red sun
Began to melt the hoar-frost,
And the clear cold day begun.

And at night the aged harper
Played his old tunes o'er and o'er :
From sixteen up to sixty,
All were dancing on that floor.

Those were the days of childhood,
The buoyant and the bright ;
When hope was life's sweet sovereign,
And the heart and step were light.

I shall come again—a stranger
To all that once I knew,
For the hurried steps of manhood
From life's flowers have dash'd the dew.

I yet may ask their welcome,
And return from whence I came ;
But a change is wrought within me,
They will not seem the same.

For my spirits are grown weary,
And my days of youth are o'er,
And the mirth of that glad season
Is what I can feel no more.

* This is one of those pretty customs that yet remain at a due distance from London—London, that Thalaba of all observances. I remember once being awakened by a band of children coming up the old beech avenue, singing carols with all their heart. The tune was monotonous enough, and as to time, I will say nothing on the subject. Still the multitude of infant voices, and the open air, and the distance, gave a singularly wild and sweet effect to the chant of the childish company. The words, which I subjoin, had a practical tendency.

“Ivy, holly, and mistletoe,
Give me a penny, and let me go.”

HINDOO AND MAHOMMEDAN BUILDINGS.

[FRONTISPICE]

"THE Engraving represents a splendid sculptured Portico of a Temple dedicated to Mahadeo, at Moondheya in Guzerat. This elaborate and magnificent specimen of the best age of Hindoo architecture, has been in ruins since the invasion of Alla o Deen, surnamed Khoonee, or the Bloody. Tradition inscribes to his intolerant spirit the destruction both of this noble edifice and numerous other religious buildings in Guzerat. This temple is so gigantic that the natives ascribe its erection to a deity, and say, that it was built by Ram some thirty lacs of years ago. The most unpretending insist on an antiquity of five thousand years."

HISTORY hath but few pages-- soon is told
 Man's ordinary life,
 Labour, and care, and strife
Make up the constant chronicle of old.

First comes a dream--the infancy of earth,
 When all its untried powers
 Are on the conscious hours
Warm with the light that called them into birth.

'Tis but a dream-- for over earth was said
 An early curse--time's flood
 Rolls on in tears and blood ;
Blood that upon her virgin soil was shed.

Abel the victim--Cain the homicide,
 Were type and prophecy
 Of times that were to be,
Thus reddened from the first life's troubled tide.

See where in great decay yon temple stands,
 Destruction has began
 Her mockery of man,
Bowing to dust the work of mortal hands.

What are its annals--such as suit all time
 Man's brief and bitter breath,
 Hurrying unwelcome death,
And something too that marks the East's bright clime.

For mighty is the birthplace of the sun,
 All has a vaster scale
 Than climes more cold and pale,
Where yet creation's work is half begun.

Her conquests were by multitudes,—the kings
 Who warred on each vast plain,
 Looked on a people slain,
As amid conquest's customary things.

Her wealth—our gold is one poor miser's store,
Her pomp was as the night,
With glittering myriads bright,
Her palace floors with gems were covered o'er.

Her summer's prodigality of hues,
Trees like eternal shrines,
Where the rich creeper twines,
And all lit up with morn's most golden dews.

'Tis a past age—the conqueror's banner furled,
Droops o'er the falling tower;
Yet was the East's first hour
The great ideal of the material world.

The beautiful—the fertile and the great,
The terrible—and wild,
Were round the first-born child
Of the young hour of earth's imperial state:

And yet the mind's high tones were wanting there,
The carved and broken stone
Tells glories overthrown;
Religions, empires, palaces are—where?

Such annals have the tempest's fire and gloom;
They tell of desperate power,
Famine and battle's hour,
War, want, disorder, slavery, and the tomb.

Not such the history that half redeems
The meanness of our clay;
That intellectual sway
Which works the excellence of which it dreams.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground;
Not in your sculptured rise
Is the real exercise
Of human nature's highest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine,
That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the generous thought,
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do.



HONISTER CRAG,—CUMBERLAND.

"IN this wild and picturesque glen a skirmish took place between the Elliotts and the Graemes, in which the young leader of the Scottish clan was slain, though his party were victorious. They buried him in an opening on the hill-side; and every clansman brought a fragment of rock, to raise a rude monument to his honour. On the summit of the pile they placed his bonnet, shield, and claymore, that neither friend nor foe should pass irreverently the youthful warrior's grave."

NOT where the green grass hides
 His kindred before him ;
Not where his native trees
 Droop to deplore him ;
But in the stranger's land
 Must we bestow him.
Leave there his sword and shield,
 That all may know him.

Never was fairer youth,
 Never was bolder ;
Who would have met his sword
 A few summers older ?
Ne'er will our chieftain's line
 Yield such another ;
Who can, amid us all ?
 Tell it his mother.

The country in this part is filled with traditions that record, and ballads that celebrate anecdotes of the predatory warfare then so general. The following ballad was communicated to me by a friend, who has the usual vivid memory of childhood on subjects connected with its early impressions. Not only has it never been published, but it is so curious and quaint, that I cannot resist its insertion here. At least, it is illustrative of the wild scenery haunted by yet wilder memories.

LONG LONKIN.

The lord said to his ladie,
 As he mounted his horse,
Beware of Long Lonkin
 That lies in the moss.

The lord said to his ladie
 As he rode away,
Beware of Long Lonkin,
 That lies in the clay.

What care I for Lonkin,
 Or any of his gang,
My doors are all shut,
 And my windows penn'd in ?

There were six little windows,
 And they were all shut,
But one little window,
 And that was forgot.

LONG LONKIN.

* * * * *

And at that little window
Long Lonkin crept in.

Where's the lord of the hall ?
Says the Lonkin ;
He's gone up to London,
Says Orange to him.

Where are the men of the hall ?
Says the Lonkin ;
They are at the field ploughing,
Says Orange to him.

Where are the maids of the hall ?
Says the Lonkin ;
They are at the well, washing,
Says Orange to him.

Where are the ladies of the hall ?
Says the Lonkin ;
They are up in their chambers,
Says Orange to him.

How shall we get them down ?
Says the Lonkin ;
Prick the babe in the cradle,
Says Orange to him.

Rock well my cradle,
And *be-ba* my son ;
You shall have a new gown
When the lord he comes home.

Still she did prick it,
And *be-ba* she cried ;
Come down, dearest mistress,
And still your own child.

Oh ! still my child Orange,
Still him with a bell ;
I can't still him, ladie,
Till you come down yourself.

Hold the gold bason
For your heart's blood to run in ;
* * * * *

To hold the gold bason,
It grieves me full sore ;
Oh, kill me, dear Lonkin,
And let my mother go.

* * * * *

MISS JANE PORTER.

This engraving represents our accomplished author as the lady of a chapter belonging to a chivalric order. This high compliment from a German court was paid to the merit of Thaddeus of Warsaw. This Portrait, as contrasted with that of her sister, well justifies the appellation bestowed upon them by mutual friends—they went by the names of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.



MISS JANE PORTER

1800-1805

JANE PORTER.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Jane Porter



Figure 1. P. m.

Figure 1 shows a high-contrast, black and white image of a dark, textured surface. The surface is covered in bright, scattered highlights that form several distinct, curved, and irregular patterns. These highlights suggest a metallic or plastic material with significant texture or damage. The overall appearance is grainy and lacks fine detail due to the high contrast.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS,

THE MUSIC BY

HENRY RUSSELL,

BY WHOM, WITH PERMISSION, THIS BALLAD IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MRS. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

ANDANTE
MODERATO.

Oh wea - ry, wea - ry are our feet, And wea - ry, weary is our
way, - - Thro' ma - ny a long and crowd - ed street We've

con express.

p

wander - ed mournful - ly to day; - - My lit - - tle sis-ter she is

pp

pp

Ad lib.

pale, - - She is too tender and too young - To

Ad lib. assar.

bear the autumn's sullen gale, - - - And all day long the child has

pp

sung.

p

pp

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

Oh, weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way;
Thro' many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.
My little sister she is pale
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisped his name,
A little playful thing was she;
How proud we were,—yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends,
They said our home no more was ours;
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
The garden we had filled with flowers.
The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honeycomb.

We wandered forth mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas, we have a home no more!

ST. MAWGAN CHURCH & LANHERN NUNNERY, CORNWALL.

THE old Mansion of Lanhern belonged to the Lords Arundell, of Wardour. It was given in 1794 by Henry Eighth, Lord Arundell, as an asylum for a convent of English Theresian nuns, who had migrated from Antwerp, in consequence of the invasion of the French. The sisterhood, or rather their successors, still continue secluded in the old and lonely house now called the Lanhern Nunnery.

IT stands amid the sheltering boughs,
A place of peace—a place of rest,
Where the veiled virgin's hourly vows
By prayer and penitence are blest.
The sunshine rests upon the walls
More golden than the common day,
And there a stiller shadow falls
Than rests on life's tumultuous way.

Alas! why should this quiet place
Bring fancies of unrest to me;
Why looks forth that beloved face
I seem in every place to see?
Ah, what may not those walls conceal!
The sunshine of that sainted shrine
Might from its inmost depths reveal
Some spirit passionate as mine;

Some one condemned in youth to part
From all that made her youth so dear,
To listen to her beating heart,
In shame—in solitude and fear:
To know no hope before the grave,
To fear there is no hope beyond,
Yet scarcely dare of heaven to crave
Forgiveness for a faith too fond:

To feel the white and vestal veil
Grow wet and warm with worldly tears,
To pass the midnight watching pale,
Yet tremble when the day appears:
Prostrate before the Cross to kneel,
With eyes that may not look above;
How dare the dedicate to feel
The agony of earthly love?



5

مکالمہ احمدیہ

Oh ! misery, for the young heart doomed
To waste and weep its youth away,
To be within itself entombed,
And desperate with the long decay !
Yes, misery ! but there may be
A yet more desperate despair ;
There is a love whose misery
Mocks all those cells may soothe and share.

There the pale nun at least can keep
One treasured and unbroken dream ;
The love for which she wakes to weep,
Seems ever what it once could seem.
She knows not time's uncharming touch
Destroying every early hue ;
The false !—she dreameth not of such—
Her love is still the deep, the true.

Not so the love of common life,
'Tis coloured by the common air ;
Its atmosphere with death is rife,
A moral pestilence is there.
Fevered—exacting—false and vain,
Like a disease, it lingers on,
Though all that blest its first sweet reign,
Its morning dew and light, are gone.

Such is the actual life of love.
Such is the love that I have known ;
Unworthy of the heaven above—
Dust, like the earth where it has grown
Ah ! better far alone to dwell,
Dreaming above the dearest past,
And keeping in the silent cell,
Life's best illusions to the last.

KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

This young Indian poet is a remarkable instance of the mind's inherent bent developing itself under the most adverse circumstances. It is curious in all its history to observe, that poetry is a flower which is born and flourishes on what would seem its most ungenial soil. Certainly our English verse is the last accomplishment we should have expected in the youthful Hindoo.

Kasiprasad Ghosh is of high Braminical extraction, and of independent fortune. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the Anglo-Indian College, where he made rapid progress. He soon shewed a marked predilection for our literature; indeed, he himself says, "I have composed many songs in Bengalee, but the greater portion of my writing is in English,—and, indeed, have always found it easiest to express my sentiments in that language." An essay that he wrote at a very early period, on Mr. Mills' History of India, attracted much attention; and, since then, he has published a volume of poems called "The Shaier," the Indian word for Minstrel.

Our English readers must bear in mind the prejudices which a Bramin had to surmount, in order to appreciate the acquirements of this highly gifted stranger. At Calcutta, Kasiprasad Ghosh is universally beloved and admired and we cannot but think that a vast field lies before him. His native literature is full of subjects for poetry of the highest order; subjects, however, requiring much fine taste and much judgment, which could only be acquired by a knowledge of European literature. Now our Indian poet has the material, the talent, and the cultivation; what, therefore, may not be expected from him?

The following little poem will give an idea of his fervid imagination and Oriental style.

THE BOATMEN'S SONG TO GANGA.

GOLD river! gold river! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow.
In the pride of her beauty, how swiftly she flies :
Like a white-winged spirit through topaz-paved skies !

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee the breezes are shedding their balm ;
And nature beholds her fair features portrayed
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely displayed.

Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy waves,
Is fleeting to rest in thy cool coral caves ;
And thence, with his tiar of light, at the morn
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river! gold river! how bright is the beam
Which brightens and crimsons thy soft-flowing stream ;
Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing,
Whose ripples like dimples in childhood are flashing.

Gold river! gold river! the moon will soon grace
The hall of the stars with her light-shedding face ;
The wandering planets her palace will throng,
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river! gold river! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won ;
And now, as the bright sun who drops from our view,
So, Ganga, we bid thee a cheerful adieu !



Rasiprasad Ghosh
Baboo

Author of the book on the 'Ghosh' in 1860



185275 R-FMF-1840

THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE.

[PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.]

Oh, glittering river,—doth the willow stoop
O'er thy blue depths ? or do the lilies droop,
Watching the shadow of each ivory blossom,
So soon to sink in thy unquiet bosom ?—
Does the bright heaven make of thy tide its glass ?
Do the dark clouds above thy mirror pass ?
Do thy banks echo to the shepherd's song ?
Do human feet pass restlessly along ?
They do :—upon those mystic waves of thine
Time finds a symbol, and Faith sets its sign.
Thus does Time's flood roll silently away—
Losing the sunshine of its earlier day.
The songs that floated o'er its waves are fled,
Its green leaves fallen, and its flowers dead.
Then Faith steps forth, and promises, “ Once more
That stream will rise, but on another shore.
The seraph's harp will be its music there ;
Immortal flowers will light the immortal air.
Each human lip that drinks of that bright wave
Drinks to the Cross's triumph o'er the grave.”
Life to thy river is a far course given,
But both its birthplace and its home are heaven.

THE COQUETTE.

SHE danced upon the waters,
Beneath the morning sun,
Of all old Ocean's daughters
The very fairest one.
An azure zone comprest her
Round her white and slender side,
For her gallant crew had drest her
Like a beauty and a bride.

THE COQUETTE.

She wore her trappings gaily,
As a lady ought to do,
And the waves which kissed her daily
Proud of their mistress grew.
They clung like lovers round her,
And bathed her airy feet ;
With white foam wreaths they bound her,
To grace her, and to greet.

She cut the blue waves, scorning
Our dull and common land ;
To the rosy airs of morning,
We saw her sails expand.
How graceful was their drooping
Ere the winds began to blow,
While the gay Coquette was stooping
To her clear green glass below !

How gallant was their sweeping,
While they swelled upon the air ;
As the winds were in their keeping,
And they knew they were so fair !
A shower of spray before her,
A silvery wake behind,
A cloud of canvass o'er her,
She sprang before the wind.

She was so loved, the fairy,
Like a mistress or a child ;
For she was so trim and airy,
So buoyant and so wild.
And though so young a rover,
She knew what life could be ;
For she had wandered over
Full many a distant sea.

One night, 'twas in September,
A mist arose on high ;
Not the oldest could remember
Such a dense and darkened sky :
And small dusk birds came hovering
The gloomy waters o'er ;
The waves mocked their sweet sovereign,
And would obey no more.

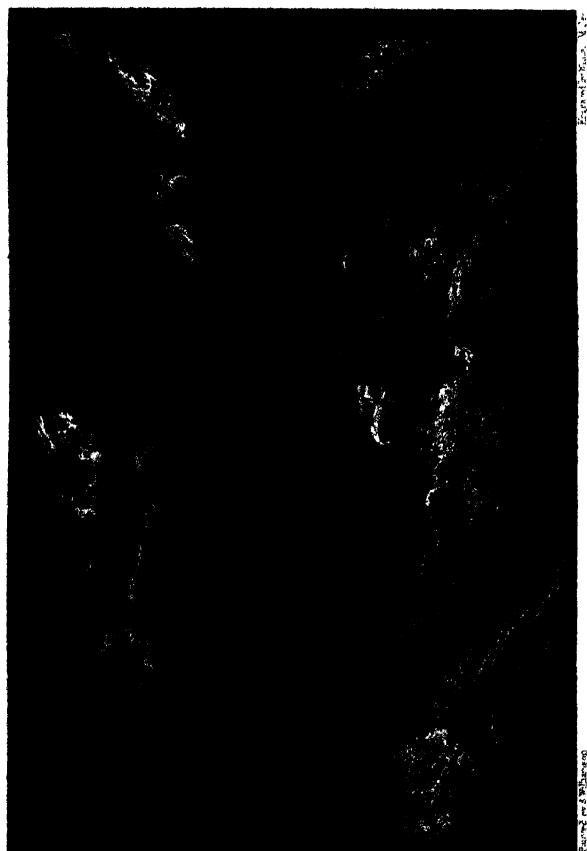


Figure 1. The back cover of the book.

THE COQUETTE.

There was no wind to move them,
So the sails were furled and fast,
And the gallant flag above them
Dropped down upon the mast.
All was still as if death's shadow
Were resting on the grave ;
And the sea, like some dark meadow,
Had not one rippling wave :

When the sky was rent asunder
With a flood of crimson light,
And one single burst of thunder
Aroused the silent night.
'Twas the signal for their waking !
The angry winds arose,
Like giant captives breaking
The chain of forced repose.

Yet bravely did she greet them,
Those jarring winds and waves ;
Ready with scorn to meet them,
They who had been her slaves.
She faced the angry heaven,
Our bold and fair Coquette ;
Her graceful sides are riven,
But she will brave it yet.

Like old oak of the forest,
Down comes the thundering mast ;
Her need is at the sorest,
She shudders in the blast.
Hark to that low quick gushing !
The hold has sprung a leak ;
On their prey the waves are rushing,
The valiant one grows weak.

One cry, and all is quiet,
There is nor sight nor sound ;
Save the fierce gale at its riot,
And the angry waters round.
The morn may come with weeping,
And the storm may cease to blow ;
But the fair Coquette is sleeping
A thousand fathoms low.

SCENE IN KATTIAWAR.

"THE north-western portion of Guzerat is inhabited by a warlike and robber race ; hence travellers need an escort. This is sometimes given by the native chieftains. More frequently the merchant hires a guard. The annexed plate represents the halt of such a party. The shelter afforded by the ruined temples and tombs, occasion such resting places to be usually made in their vicinity."

I HAVE a steed, to leave behind
The wild bird, and the wilder wind :
I have a sword, which does not know
How to waste a second blow :
I have a matchlock, whose red breath
Bears the lightning's sudden death :
I have a foot of fiery flight,
I have an eye that cleaves the night.
I win my portion in the land
By my high heart and strong right hand.

The starry heavens lit up the gloom
That lay around Al Herid's tomb ;
The wind was still, you might have heard
The falling leaf, the rustling bird ;
Yet no one heard my footstep fall,
None saw my shadow on the wall :
Yet curses came with morning's light,
Where was the gold they hid at night ?
Where was the gold they loved so well,
My heavy girdle best could tell ?

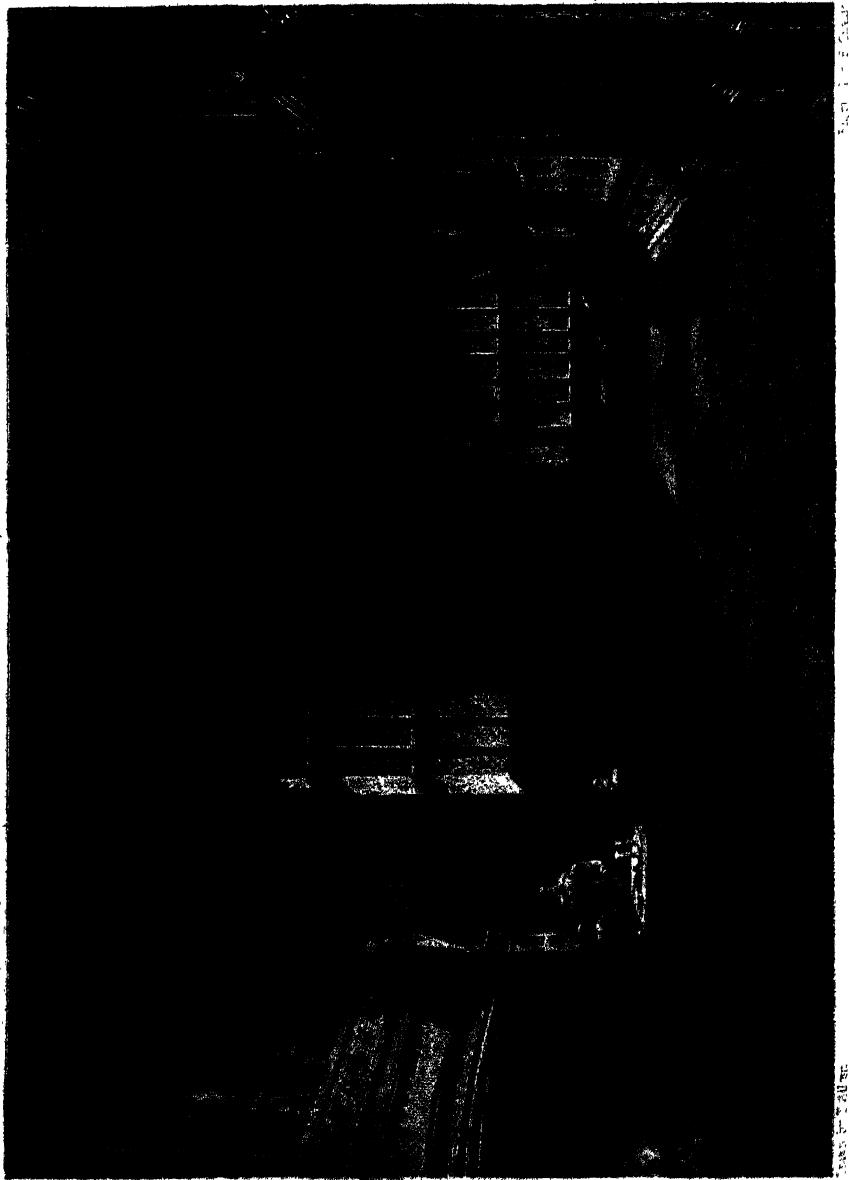
Three travellers crost by yonder shrine ;
I saw their polished pistols shine,
And swore they were, or should be mine.
The first, his head was at my feet ;
The second I was glad to greet ;
He met me like a man, his sword,
Damascus true, deserved its lord ;
Yet soon his heart's best blood ran red :
I sought the third—the slave had fled.



Print by C. Stanfield

Granted by permission of Miss Anna May, from her *Playboy* - 1970 - 1971

Entered by E. Smith



SPEKE HALL.

I have a lovely mountain bower,
Where blooms a gentle Georgian flower ;
She was my spear's accustomed prize,
The antelope hath not such eyes,
Now my sweet captive loves her lot,
What has a queen that she has not ?
Let her but wish for shawls or pearls,
To bind her brow, to braid her curls ;
And I from east to west would fly,
Ere she should ask and I deny.
But those rich merchants must be near,
Away, I cannot linger here ;
The vulture hovers o'er his prey,
Come, my good steed—away !—away !

SPEKE HALL.

O, fair old House—how Time doth honour thee,
Giving thee what to-day may never gain,
Of long respect and ancient poesy ;
The yew-trees at thy door are black with years,
And filled with memories of those warlike days,
When from each bough was hopped a gallant bow ;
For then the yew was what the oak is now,
And what our bowmen were, our sailors are.
How green the ivy grows upon the walls,
Ages have lent their strength to those frail boughs,
A venerable wreath upon the past,
Which here is paramount ;—the past, which is
Imagination's own gigantic realm.

JAHARA BAUG, AGRA.

THE HISTORY OF SHAH DARA'S FLIGHT AND DEATH.

AGRA was Shah Jehan's city of residence. It was from its walls that he witnessed the overthrow of Prince Dara, his eldest son. The Jahara Baug is one of the gardens adjoining the river.

IT was the lovely twilight-time went down o'er Agra's towers,
And silent were her marble halls, and tranquil were her bowers ;
The crimson colours of the rose were melting on the air,
And from the ivory minarets arose the evening prayer.

The snowy herons to the roofs were flocking for the night,
The columns and the cupolas were bathed in purple light ;
And the large lilies on the stream grew fairer in their hue,
As they flung up each silver cup to catch the falling dew.

Filled with the sweet good-night of flowers that sigh themselves to sleep,
Along the quiet river's side, the shadowy gardens sweep ;
While fair and pale, like some young girl who pines with early love,
The young moon seems as if she feared to take her place above.

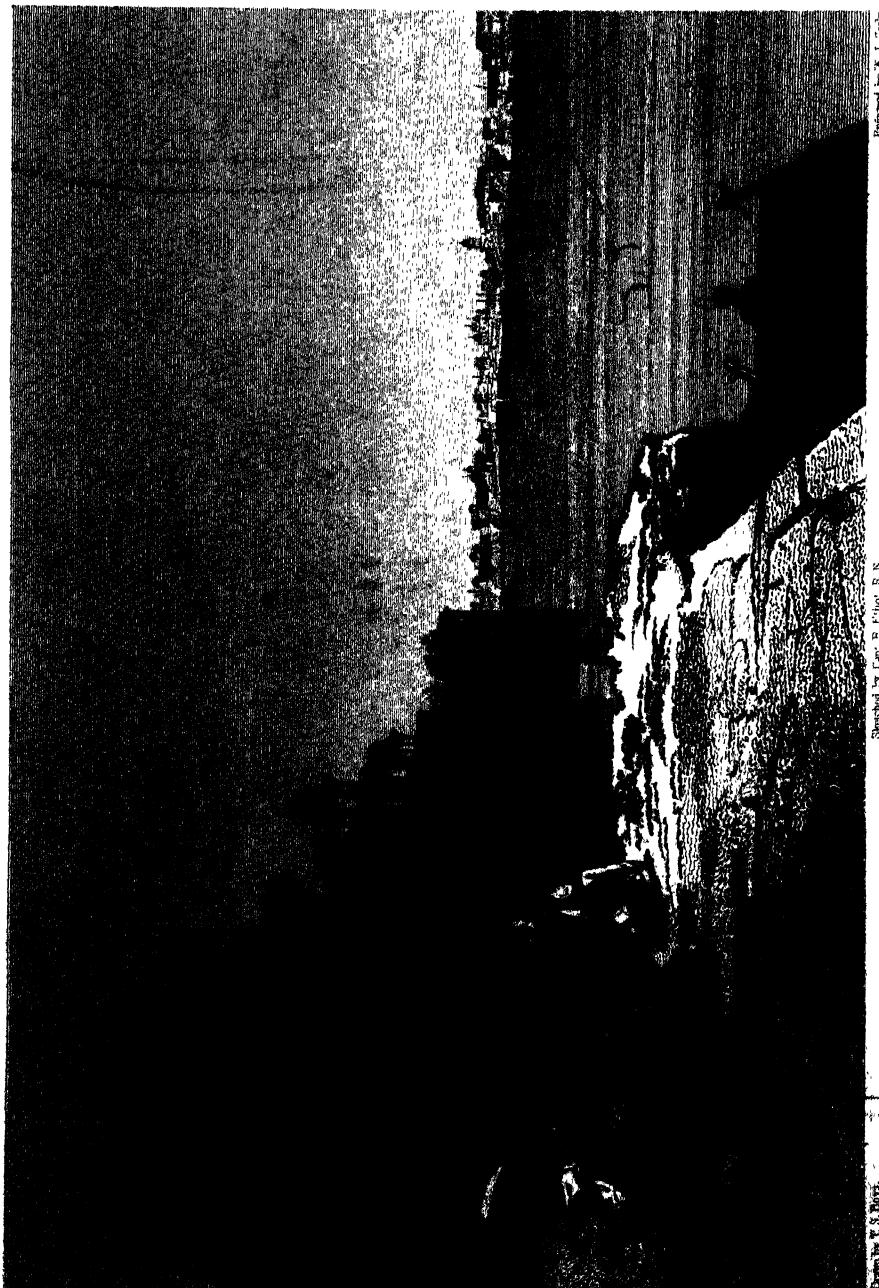
Is there no feasting in those halls ? why is that palace mute ?
The silvery cadences unheard of the young dancer's foot :
How changed since that glad marriage eve, when with the dance and song
• Prince Dara led his cousin-bride, those lighted halls along.

How changed since that imperial day, when at his father's hand,
The eldest-born sat down to share that father's high command ;
And the proud nobles of the court drew forth the glittering sword,
In token all were at his will, and waited but his word.

An old man sits upon the walls that guard the eastern side ;
'Tis not to hear the wild wind wake the music of the tide :
The rising of the evening star, the perfume from the bough,
The last sweet singing of the doves—all pass unheeded now.

The aged king sits on his tower, and strains his eyes afar,
And asks of every passer by for tidings of the war ;
They come—he sees the scattered flight of Dara's* broken bands ;
At last a fugitive himself—his son before him stands.

* Prince Dara was the favourite son of Shah Jehan, who associated him with himself on the throne. The talents and good fortune, however, of Aurungzebe, the younger brother, turned the scale in his own favour. The struggle between the two was long and severe ; and the final catastrophe fatal to the unfortunate Dara.



Described by Capt. R. Philo. R. N.

Drawn by S. Smith.

THE EASTERN BAY OF MELBOURNE.

1854.

177.

Engaged by W. J. Cope.

The monarch hid his face and wept, he heard his first-born say,
“ The crown you placed upon my brow this hour has past away;
My brother is my enemy—a traitor is my friend,
And I must seek these ancient walls, to shelter and defend.”

“ Not so,” the old king said, “ my son ; fly thou with spear and shield
For never walls could stand for those who stood not in the field ;”
He wept before his father’s face—then fled across the plain ;
The desolate and the fugitive—they never met again.

Time has past on, and Dara’s doom is darkly drawing nigh,
The vanquished prince has only left to yield—despair, and die ;
The faithless friend, the conquering foe, have been around his path,
And now a wild and desert home, is all Prince Dara hath.

The sands are bare, the wells are dry, and not a single tree
Extends its shade o’er him who had a royal canopy :
There is not even safety found amid those burning sands ;
The exile has a home to seek in far and foreign lands.

He lingers yet upon his way—within his tents is death ;
He cannot fly till he has caught Nadira’s latest breath.
How can he bear to part with her—she who, since first his bride,
In wo and want his comforter, has never left his side.

He kissed the pale unconscious cheek—he flung him at her feet ;
He gazed how fondly on those eyes, he never more might meet ;
“ Tis well,” he cried, “ my latest friend is from my bosom flown,
Go bear her to her father’s tomb, while I go forth alone.”

The traitor is upon his way, the royal prey is found,
And by ignoble hands and chains, the monarch’s son is bound ;
Garbed as a slave, they lead him forth the public ways along,
But on his noble brow is scorn, and on his lip a song.†

‘Tis midnight ; but the midnight crime is darker than the night,
And Aurungzebe with gloomy brow awaits the morning light ;
The morning light is dyed for him with an accusing red,
They bring to the usurper’s feet his brother Dara’s head.†

† Having a talent for poetry, he composed many affecting verses on his own misfortunes, with the repetition of which he often drew tears from the eyes of the common soldiers who guarded his person. “ My name,” said he, “ imports that I am in pomp like Darius ; I am also like that monarch in my fate. The friends whom he trusted were more fatal than the swords of his enemies.”

† Aurungzebe passed the night destined for his brother’s death in great fear and perplexity, when Najis, the instrument of his crime, brought before him the last fatal relic. The head of Dara being disfigured with blood, he ordered it to be thrown into a charger of water; and when he had wiped it with his handkerchief, he recognized the features of his brother. He is said to have exclaimed, “ Alas, unfortunate man !” and then to have shed some tears.

“ CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL ESCAPING FROM DOUBTING CASTLE.”

“ Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That’s good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door; whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the Castle-yard, and with this key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too: but that lock went very hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate, to make their escape with speed; but that gate as it opened made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King’s highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.” [Pilgrim’s Progress.]

AWAY! Away! from the noisome caves
Of the Giant Despair’s strong-hold;
Where the doubting and faithless find their graves,
As they did in the days of old.

But ye were too noble to perish there,
In those dungeons of pestilence;
Though the Castle be Doubting, its keeper Despair,
And its Portress false Diffidence.

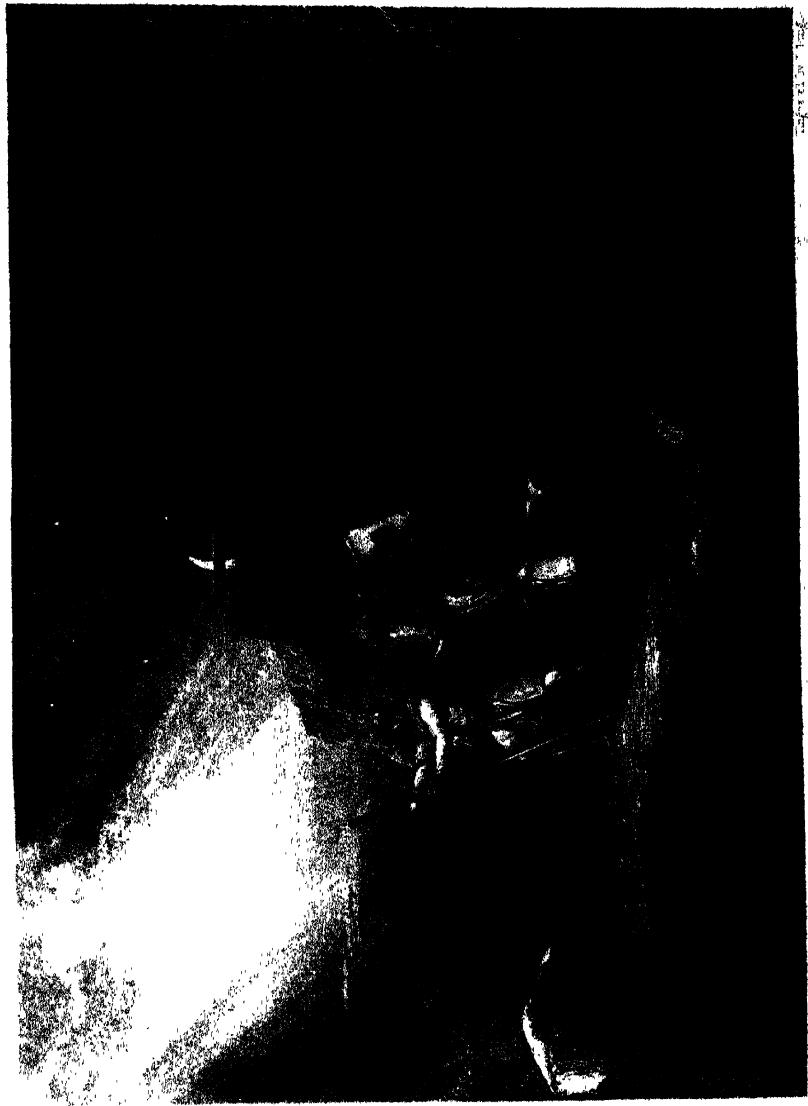
For to CHRISTIAN a *Master-key* was given,
Of *Promise* fitly named;
And his Comrade was surnam’d of HOPE from Heaven
Which maketh not ashamed!

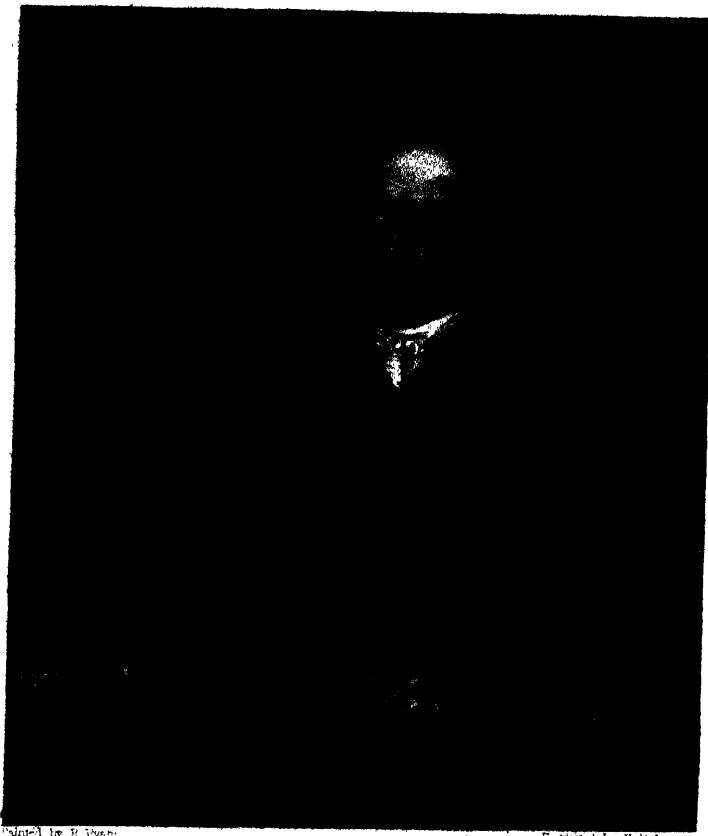
That Key of Promise its part hath played;
It has every lock undone;
Bolt, fetter, and bar have its power obeyed,
And Liberty now is won.

But, away! for the Giant hath mark’d your track,
From his low-brow’d, arching door;
And should he beguile, or force you back,
You may leave his lair no more.

Then away for your lives! with speed away!
Ye are yet on your foe-man’s ground;
But bright are the beams of the breaking day
On the misty mountains round!

BERNARD BARTON.





What is it like?

Eustrophia in Italy

OLINTHUS, GREGORY, LER, ERAS, &c

Oliverus Gregory.

1948-1950: THE COLD WAR

OLINTHUS GREGORY, L.L.D., F.R.A.S., &c.

"THE following lines allude to Dr. Gregory's late domestic calamity. Mr. Boswell Gregory, his eldest son, was drowned by the boat's upsetting as he was returning home by water to his father's house at Woolwich."

Is there a spot where Pity's foot,
Although unsandalled, fears to tread,
A silence where her voice is mute,
Where tears, and only tears, are shed?
It is the desolated home,
Where Hope was yet a recent guest,
Where Hope again may never come,
Or come, and only speak of rest.

They gave my hand the pictured scroll,
And bade me only fancy there
A parent's agony of soul,
A parent's long and last despair;
The sunshine on the sudden wave,
Which closed above the youthful head,
Mocking the green and quiet grave,
Which waits the time-appointed dead.

I thought upon the lone fire-side,
Begirt with all familiar thought,
The future, where a father's pride
So much from present promise wrought;
The sweet anxiety of fears,
Anxious from love's excess alone,
The fond reliance upon years
More precious to us than our own:

All past—then weeping words there came
From out a still and darkened room,
They could not bear to name a name
Written so newly on the tomb.
They said he was so good and kind,
The voices sank, the eyes grew dim;
So much of love he left behind,
So much of life had died with him.

{
OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL.D. F.R.A.S.

Ah, pity for the long beloved,
Ah, pity for the early dead;
The young, the promising, removed
Ere life a light or leaf had shed
Nay, rather pity those whose doom
It is to wait and weep behind,
The father, who within the tomb
Sees all life held most dear enshrined.

IVY BRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE.

Oh, recall not the past, though this valley be filled
With all we remember, and all we regret;
The flowers of its summer have long been distilled,
The essence has perish'd, ah ! let us forget.
What avails it to mourn over hours that are gone,
O'er illusions by youth and by fantasy nurst ?
Alas ! of the few that are lingering, none
Wear the light or the hues that encircled the first.

Alas for the spring time ! alas for our youth !
The grave has no slumber more cold than the heart,
When languid and darkened it sinks into truth,
And sees the sweet colours of morning depart.
Life still has its falsehoods to lure and to leave,
But they cannot delude like the earlier light ;
We know that the twilight encircles the eve,
And sunset is only the rainbow of night.

IVY BRIDGE,

THE MUSIC BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

ANDANTE,
WITH EX-
PRESSION.

p con espress.

mez. f cres. > f dim. rall. p Legato.

Oh ! re - call not the past, though this
valley be filled With all we remember and all we regret, The flow'rs of its summer have
long been distilled, The essence has perished, ah, let us forget ! What a - vails it to mourn o - ver

hours that are gone? O'er il - lusions by youth and by phanta-sy nurst? A - las! of the few that are

Ad. lib. tempo primo.

linger, None wear the lights or the hues that en-circled the first. Oh, re-call not the past, though this valley be filled With

colla voce. *p dolce.*

all we remember and all we regret, The flow'rs of its summer have long been distilled, The essence has perished : ah,

cres.

rall.

let us forget!

mez. f *cres.* *f* *dim.* *rall.*



2. Le Petit

TYPE PRINTÉ. DIRECTEUR STAMP.

FIGURE 25. *CON. 20. 11. 9.*



CORFU.

Now, doth not summer's sunny smile
Sink soft o'er that Ionian isle,
While round the kindling waters sweep
The murmured music of the deep,
The many melodies that swell
From breaking wave and red-lipp'd shell?

Love mine ! how sweet it were to leave
This weary world of ours behind,
And borrow from the blushing eve
The wild wings of the wandering wind '
Would we not flee away and find
Some lonely cave beside the shore ?
One, where a Nereid dwelt of yore,
And sheltered in its glistening bowers,
A love almost as fond as ours ?
A diamond spar incrusts the walls,
A rainbow light from crystal falls ;
And, musical amid the gloom,
A fountain's silvery showers illume
The further darkness, as with ray
And song it finds its sparkling way.
A natural lute and lamp—a tone,
A light, to wilder waves unknown.
The cave is curtain'd with the vine,
And inside wandering branches twine,
While from the large green leaves escape
The blooming clusters of the grape ;—
Fruit with such hyacinthine glow
As southern sunbeams only know.
We will not leave it, till the moon
Lulls with her languid look the sea ;
Sleep, shadow, silence for the noon,
But midnight Love to wake with thee
When the sweet myrtle trees exhale
The odours of their blossoms pale,
And dim and purple colours steep
Those blossoms in their perfumed sleep ;

CORFU.

Where closed are the cicala's wings,
And no leaf stirs, nor wild bird sings,
Lull'd by the dusk air, warm and sweet ;
Then kneeling, dearest, at thy feet,
Thy face the only sight I see,
 Thy voice the only sound I hear,
While midnight's moonlit mystery
 Seems the full heart's enchanted sphere.
Then should thy own low whisper tell
Those ancient songs thou lov'st so well ;
Tales of old battles which are known
To me but from thy lip alone ;
Dearer than if the bard again
Could sound his own imperial strain.
Ah, folly ! of such dreaming hours,
That are not, that may not be ours.
Farewell ! thou far Ionian isle
That lighted for my love awhile,
A sweet enchantment formed to fade,
Of darker days my life is made ;
Embittering my reality
With dreams of all that may not be.
Such fairy fancies when they part,
But leave behind a withered heart ;
Dreaming o'er all it hath not known ;
Alas ! and is such heart mine own ?

HIS LATE MAJESTY, GEORGE THE FOURTH.

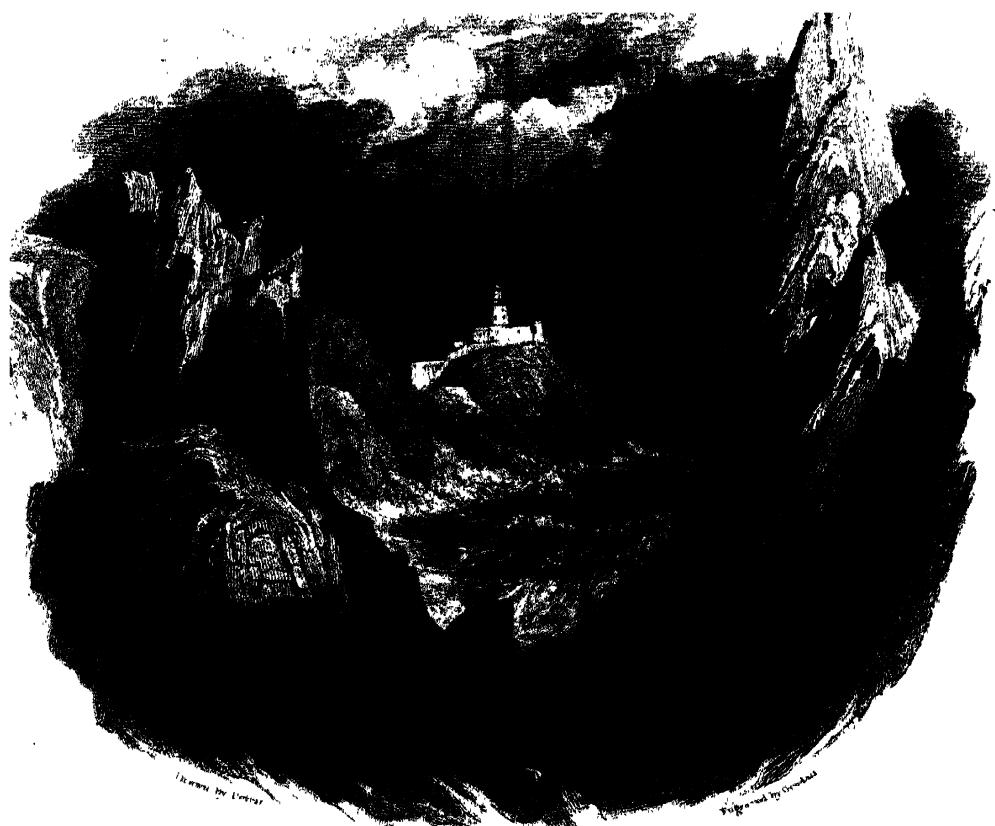
BORN AUGUST 12, 1762; ASCENDED THE THRONE JANUARY 29, 1820; DIED JUNE 26, 1830.



Engraved by R. Scott from the original Plate by W. Finden after Sir Thomas Lawrence by permission of
Messrs' Moon, Boys & Graves

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, THE FOURTH

1 FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON. 1834.



HOWTH LIGHT-HOUSE.

FEW subjects can be more sublime and grand than the present illustration, under the circumstances and point of view in which it is here represented. A vista, formed by a great chasm amid the rocks, discloses to the view the lofty promontory called the Baily, (situated on the north side of Dublin Bay,) starting precipitously from the water, and having its narrow summit crowned by a beautiful tower, supporting a great lantern with an encircling gallery.—The character of "*The Needles*" is naturally sublime: the intervening sea between them and the light-house always presents an agitated surface; and the little bold peninsula itself, exposes a series of rocky, steep, and inaccessible cliffs.

Look from the lattice, look forth, my child—
Are the waves heaving, is the wind wild,
Burns the red beacon afar on the air,
Are the stars shining, and is the night fair ?

Give me his keepsake, that echoing shell
Where the deep murmur of far waters dwell ;
There let me listen, it moans in my ear,
Soft is the music—no tempest is near.

Shine, thou bright beacon, though I may no more
Rejoice in the radiance thou fling'st on the shore,
Yet doth thy glory remembered impart
Light to my slumber, and hope to my heart.

Now is the autumn, the yellow leaves fall
From the grapes that lie purple, the last on the wall,
The free gales of autumn sweep over the sea,
They'll bring back my sailor to home and to me.

The curlew has left, with a fugitive wing,
The nest which she built for her young in the spring,
Far on the wild winds and waters to roam,
But mine with the autumn returns to his home.

He will come to his mother the blind and the old,
Before the drear winter is cheerless and cold ;
I shall hear his light footstep his coming declare,
And kiss his fair forehead, and touch his soft hair.

The moon of the hunter is now in her wane,
And fair is the weather and fixed is the vane ;
Then shine, thou bright beacon, afar on thy height,
Shine out for the ship soon to welcome thy light.

“ CHRISTIAN GOT UP TO THE GATE.”

“ THEN said Evangelist to him, Thy sin is very great, for by it thou hast committed two evils: thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths: yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has *good will* for men; only, said he, take heed that thou turn not aside again, ‘lest thou perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.’ Then did Christian address himself to go back; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bade him God speed. So he went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor if any asked him, would he vouchsafe them an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe till again he was got in the way which he left to follow Mr. Worldly-wiseman’s counsel. So in process of time Christian got up to the gate.” [Pilgrim’s Progress.]

FROM Destruction’s City, immers’d in night,
The Pilgrim hath made his way
To a purer air, and a holier height,
In the beams of a brighter day.

He hath pass’d the stern embattled tower,
Where lurks his deadliest Foe;
And the noxious vapours that darkly lower
O’er the Slough of Despond below.

And The Gate foretold by his Heavenly Guide,
Is shining brightly there;—
But what are those figures on either side,
That kneel—as if in prayer?

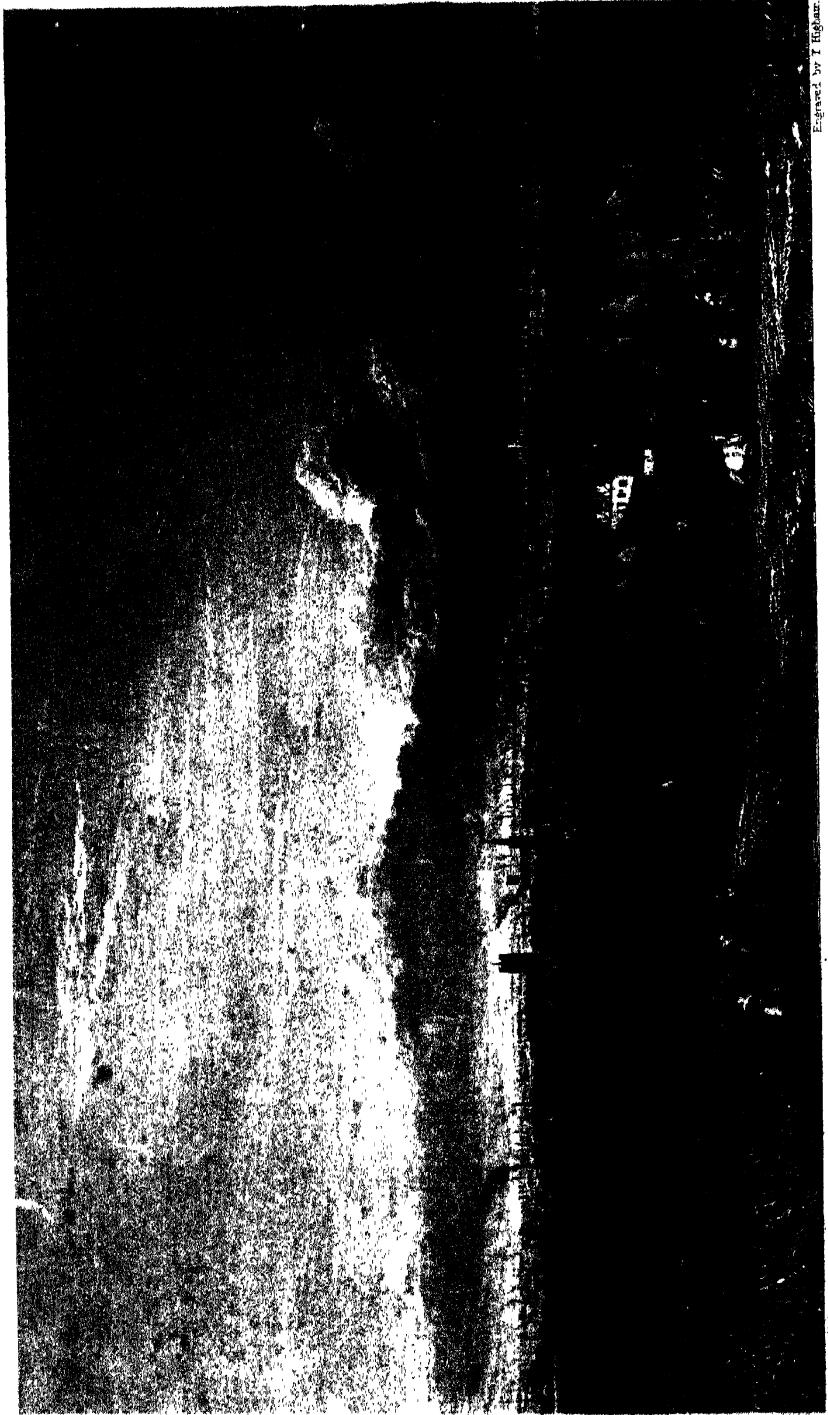
The one is in sunnier hues arrayed,
As if Hope were not all forbid;
The other more dimly wrapt in shade!
But the faces of both are hid!

A ray of hope illumines his cheek,
As he catches their mystic sense;
The brighter of *Pardon* appears to speak,
The darker of *Penitence*!

On, PILGRIM! on, by the way up-cast;
Thy PROGRESS in faith pursue;
And the Gates of Pearl thou shalt gain at last,
Which will open to let thee through.

BERNARD BARTON.





Engraved by T. Higham.

Drawn by G. Remond.

MANCHESTER.

Go back a century on the town,
That o'er yon crowded plain,
With wealth its dower, and art its crown.
Extends its proud domain.
Upon that plain a village stood,
Lonely, obscure, and poor;
The sullen stream rolled its dull flood
Amid a barren moor.

Now, mark the hall, the church, the street,
The buildings of to-day;
Behold the thousands now that meet
Upon the peopled way.
Go, silent with the sense of power,
And of the mighty mind
Which thus can animate the hour,
And leave its works behind.

Go through that city, and behold
What intellect can yield,
How it brings forth an hundred-fold
From time's enduring field.
Those walls are filled with wealth, the spoil
Of industry and thought,
The mighty harvest which man's toil
Out of the past has wrought.

Science and labour here unite
The thoughtful and the real,
And here man's strength puts forth its might
To work out man's ideal.
The useful is the element
Here laboured by the mind,
Which, on the active present bent,
Invented and combin'd.

MANCHESTER.

The product of that city, now
Far distant lands consume ;
The Indian wears around his brow
The white webs of her loom.
Her vessels sweep from East to West ;
Her merchants are like kings ;
While wonders in her walls attest
The power that commerce brings.

From wealth hath sprung up nobler fruit,
Taste linked with arts divine ;
The Gallery and the Institute
Enlighten and refine.
And many a happy English home
With love and peace repays
The care that may be yet to come,
The toil of early days.

Had I to guide a stranger's eye
Around our glorious land,
Where yonder wondrous factories lie
I'd bid that stranger stand.
Let the wide city spread displayed
Beneath the morning sun,
And in it see for England's trade
What yonder town hath done.

"In a speech last year, at the British Association, Mr. Brand well advised the members to take the manufacturing districts of England on their way to the north, and to explore the wonders there accumulated. Manchester is the great miracle of modern progress. Science, devoted to utility and industry, have achieved the most wonderful results. Intellectual advancement denoted in a taste for literature and the fine arts,—employment for the highest as well as the lowest ;—public buildings, liberal institutions, and all that can mark wealth, and a knowledge of its best purposes ;—all this is the growth of a single century."

DAVID WILKIE, ESQ., R. A.

BORN NOVEMBER 18, 1785.

I remember seeing a series of sketches at this great artist's house, illustrative of Napoleon's career. Of how many noble and unfinished designs is every painter's portfolio the grave ! It is, however, to be hoped that Mr. Wilkie will carry the design into execution. It would be a pictorial epic.

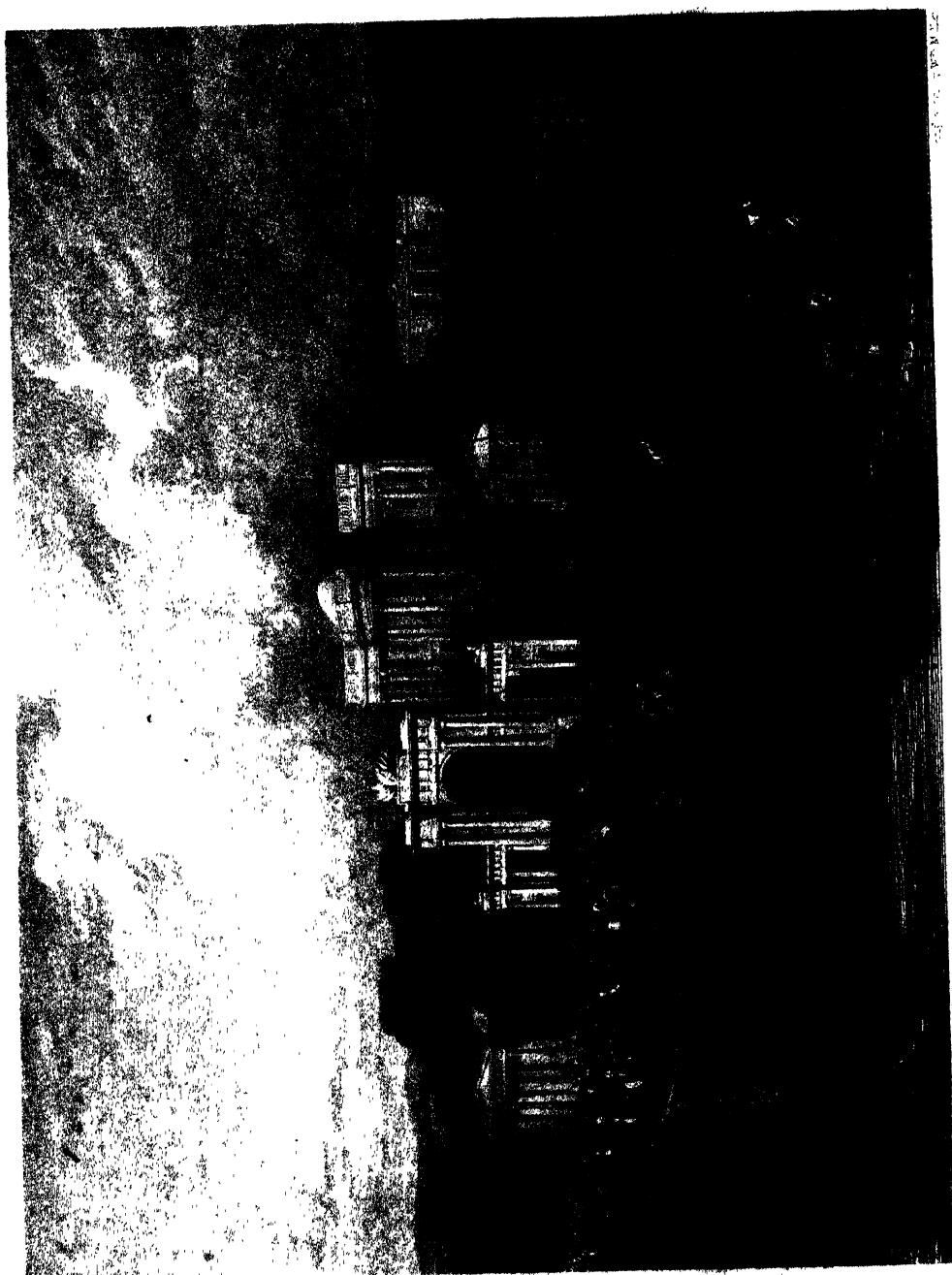


Painted by Sir W. Beechey R.A.

Engraved by H. Robinson

DAVID WILKIE, ESQ., R.A.

David Wilkie



BRITISH RESIDENCY AT HYDERABAD.

THE edifice here represented is the residence of the English Minister at the Court of the Nizam, or native prince. The party entering the gate shews the species of state, and the retinue, with which persons of rank appear in public. The curtains of the palanquins, in which females go forth, are always closely drawn: seclusion in the East is, as it were, the element of beauty. It is quite in human nature to admit that—

—————“such must be
“Dear—and yet dearer for its mystery.”

THE NIZAM'S DAUGHTER.

SHE is as yet a child in years,
Twelve springs are on her face,
Yet in her slender form appears
The woman's perfect grace.
Her silken hair, that glossy black,
But only to be found
There, or upon the raven's back,
Falls sweeping to the ground.

'Tis parted in two shining braids
With silver and with gold,
And one large pearl by contrast aids
The darkness of each fold.
And for she is so young, that flowers
Seem natural to her now,
There wreaths the champac's snowy showers
Around her sculptured brow.

Close to her throat the silvery vest
By shining clasps is bound,
Scarce may her graceful shape be guest,
Mid drapery floating round.
But the small curve of that vein'd throat,
Like marble, but more warm,
The fairy foot and hand denote
How perfect is the form.

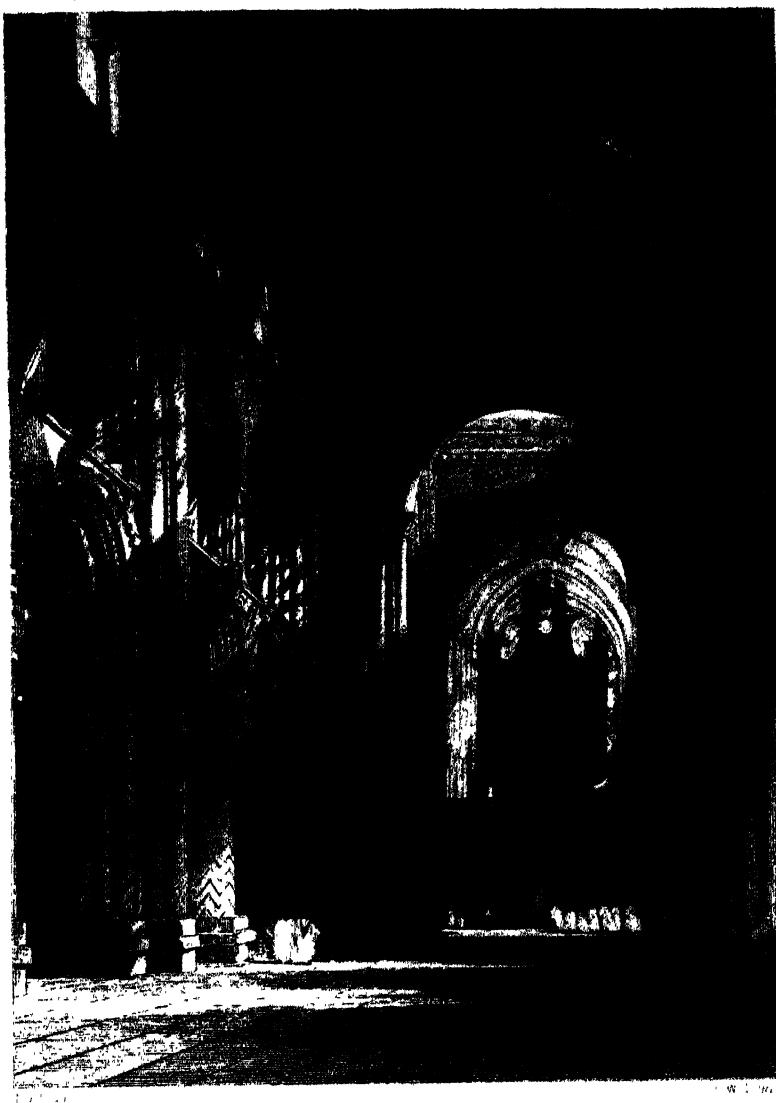
Upon the ankle and the wrist
 There is a band of gold,
No step by Grecian fountain kiss'd,
 Was of diviner mould.
In the bright girdle round her waist,
 Where the red rubies shine,
The kandjar's* glittering hilt is placed,
 To mark her royal line.

Her face is like the moonlight pale,
 Strangely and purely fair,
For never summer sun nor gale
 Has touched the softness there.
There are no colours of the rose,
 Alone the lip is red ;
No blush disturbs the sweet repose
 Which o'er that cheek is shed.

And yet the large black eyes, like night,
 Have passion and have power ;
Within their sleepy depths is light,
 For some wild wakening hour.
A world of sad and tender dreams
 'Neath those long lashes sleep,
A native pensiveness that seems
 Too still and sweet to weep.

Of such seclusion know we nought ;
 Yet surely woman here
Grows shrouded from all common thought,
 More delicate and dear.
And love, thus made a thing apart,
 Must seem the more divine,
When the sweet temple of the heart
 Is a thrice veiled shrine.

* The kandjar is the small poniard worn by Hindoo princesses.



W. L. HARRIS
A photograph of a niche in the wall of a building in the town of Tigray, Ethiopia.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THOSE dark and silent aisles are fill'd with night
There breathes no murmur, and there shines no light ;
The graves beneath the pavement yield their gloom,
'Till the cathedral seems one mighty tomb.
The Cross invisible—the words unseen
That tell where Faith and Hope in death have been.
But day is breaking, and a rosy smile
Colours the depths of each sepulchral aisle.
The orient windows kindle with the morn,
And 'mid the darkness are their rainbows born ;
Each ray that brightens, and each hue that falls,
Attest some sacred sign upon the walls ;—
Some sculptured saints' pale head—some graven line
Of promise, precept, or belief divine :
Then sounds arise, the echoes bear along
Through the resounding aisles the choral song.
The billowy music of the organ sweeps,
Like the vast anthem of uplifted deeps ;
The bells ring forth—the long dark night is done,
The sunshine of the sabbath is begun.

What is that temple but a type sublime !
Such was the moral night of ancient time ;
Cold and obscure, in vain the king and sage
Gave law and learning to the darkened age
There was no present faith, no future hope,
Earth bounded then the earth-drawn horoscope ;
Till to the east there came the promised star—
Till rose the Sun of Righteousness afar—
Till, on a world redeem'd, the Saviour shone,
Earth for his footstool—Heaven for his throne.

COTTAGE COURTSHIP.

Now, out upon this smiling,
No smile shall meet his sight;
And a word of gay reviling
Is all he'll hear to-night.
For he'll hold my smiles too lightly,
If he always sees me smile;
He'll think they shine more brightly
When I have frowned awhile.

'Tis not kindness keeps a lover,
He must feel the chain he wears;
All the sweet enchantment's over,
When he has no anxious cares.
The heart would seem too common,
If he thought that heart his own;
Ah! the empire of a woman
Is still in the unknown.

Let change without a reason,
Make him never feel secure;
For it is an April season
That a lover must endure.
They are all of them so faithless,
Their torment is your gain;
Would you keep your own heart seathless,
Be the one to give the pain.



Painted by Standard

Engraved by F. Hahn

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1932

COTTAGE COURTSHP.

THE MUSIC BY

HENRY RUSSELL,

ALLEGRETTO
SCHERZANDO

p staccato.

cres.

Now out up - on this smil-ing, No

f

p

smile shall meet his sight, And a word of light re - vil - ing Is -

alk, he'll hear to night. Now out up - on this smil-ing, No smile shall meet his
 sight, And a word of light re - vil - ing Is all he'll hear to night: For he'll
 hold my smile too lightly If he al-ways sees me smile, He'll think they shine more
 brightly, When I have frowned a-while. Now out up - on this smil-ing, No
 colla voce.

p > > *rall.*

slentando.

42

smile shall meet his sight, And a word of light re - vil-ing Is all he'll hear* to-

night. Now out up-on this smil-ing, No smile shall meet his sight, And a

word of light re - vil-ing Is all he'll hear to-night.

cres.

GALDRON SNOOT.—WESTMORLAND.

A PLACE of rugged rocks, adown whose sides
The mountain torrent rushes ; on whose crags
The raven builds her nest, and tells her young
Of former funeral feasts.

* * * * *

LONG years have past since last I stood
Alone amid this mountain scene,
Unlike the future which I dreamed,
How like my future it has been !
A cold grey sky o'erhung with clouds,
With showers in every passing shade,
How like the moral atmosphere
Whose gloom my horoscope has made !

I thought if yet my weary feet
Could rove my native hills again,
A world of feeling would revive,
Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain.
My early hopes, my early joys,
I dreamed those valleys would restore ;
I asked for childhood to return,
For childhood, which returns no more.

Surely the scene itself is changed !
There did not always rest as now
That shadow in the valley's depth,
That gloom upon the mountain brow.
Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt
Like treasures in some fairy hold,
And morning o'er the mountains shed
Her kindling world of vapory gold.

Another season of the year
Is now upon the earth and me ;
Another spring will light these hills—
No other spring mine own may be :
I must retune my unstrung heart,
I must awake the sleeping tomb,
I must recall the loved and lost,
Ere spring again for me could bloom.



40

1000

470



ANNA MARIA PORTER

anna Maria Porter

CALDRON SNOUT.—WESTMORLAND.

I've wandered, but it was in vain
 In many a far and foreign clime,
Absence is not forgetfulness,
 And distance cannot vanquish time.
One face was ever in my sight,
 One voice was ever on my ear,
From all earth's loveliness I turned
 To wish, Ah that the dead were here!

Oh! weary wandering to no home,
 Oh! weary wandering alone,
I turned to childhood's once glad scenes
 And found life's last illusion flown.
Ah! those who left their childhood's scenes
 For after years of toil and pain,
Who but bring back the breaking heart
 Should never seek those scenes again.

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

DIED JUNE 21, 1832.

AMID the many anecdotes which record the success of this popular writer, we select one—among the most flattering tributes ever paid to romance. General Moreau, the great antagonist of the Archduke Charles, whose campaigns are the theatre of action in "The Hungarian Brothers," chanced to meet with a French translation of that novel. He was so delighted with its extraordinary fidelity to facts, added to the deep interest of the domestic tale she had connected with his letters, that he ever after gave it a place in his travelling library.

SCENE IN BUNDELKHUND.

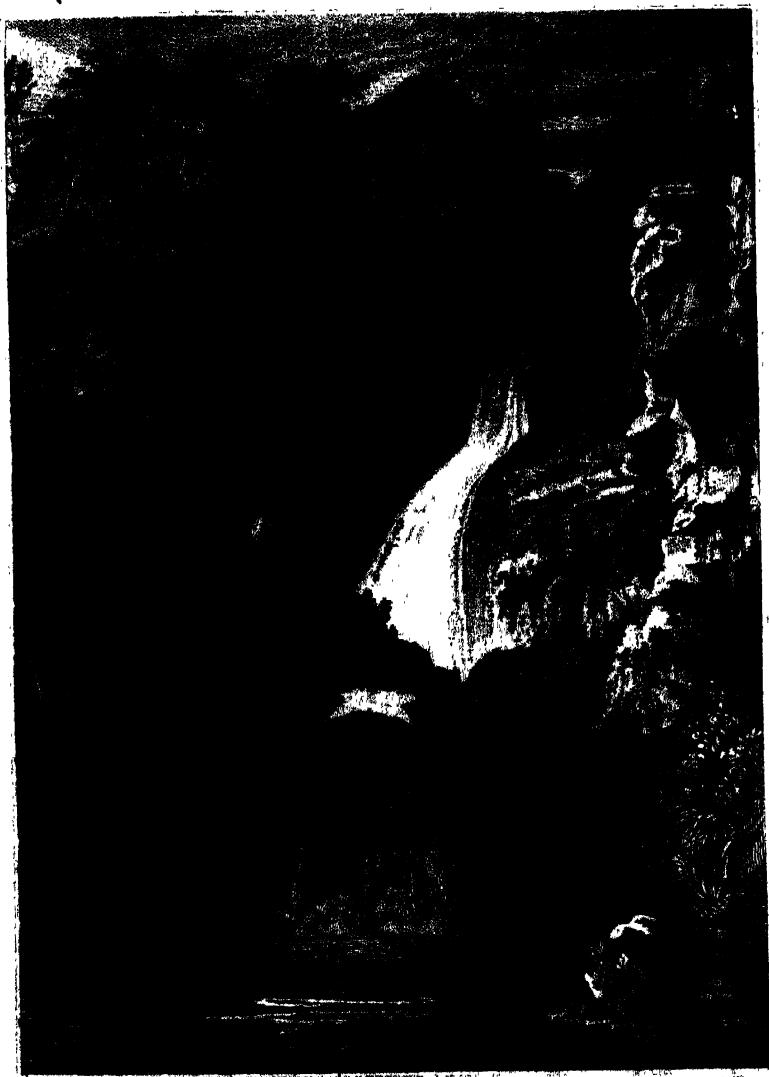
SHE sat beneath the palm-tree, as the night
Came with a purple shadow on the day,
Which died away in hues of crimson shades,
Blushes and tears. The wind amid the reeds,
The long green reeds, sung mournfully, and shook
Faint blossoms on the murmuring river's face.
The eve was sweet and silent—she who sat
Beneath the deepening shadow of the palm,
Looked like an ancient and a pastoral dream :
Dreams—dreams indeed ! It is man's actual lot
That gives the future hope, and fills the past
With happiness that is not—may not be.
—Oh, tranquil earth and heaven—but their repose,
What influence hath it on the mourner there ?
Her eye is fixed in terrible despair,
Her lip is white with pain, and, spectre-like,
Her shape is worn with famine—on her arm
Rests a dead child—she does not weep for it.
Two more are at her side, she'd weep for them,
But that she is too desperate to weep :
Dust has assumed dominion, she has now
No tenderness, nor sweet solicitudes
That fill the youthful mother with fond fears.
Our fierce and cruel nature, that which sleeps
In all, though lulled by custom, law, and ease,
In her is roused by suffering. There is death
Within those wolfish eyes. Not for herself !
Fear, the last vestige of humanity,
Makes death so horrible that she will buy
Its absence, though with blood—that blood her own,
Once dearer that it ran in other veins :
She'll kill those children—for they share her food.
AND SUCH IS HUMAN NATURE, AND OUR OWN.

DISTRESS IN BUNDELKHUND.—The *Sumarchar Durpus* of Feb. 22, contains a description of the horrible state of the native population in Bundelkhund, in consequence of the famine which has prevailed there for some time past. The price and scarcity of grain have put it far beyond the reach of the poorer classes, more particularly as there appears to be great difficulty in the way of finding employment. For some time they obtained a miserable subsistence on *byers*, a sort of astringent and acid berry ; but even this wretched supply has now ceased. A most appalling and pitiable condition of human misery is the consequence. Mothers have been seen to devour the dead bodies of their own children !



RECORDED BY ERNST PETER

SARITA NEAR THE BUDH GANJ MARKET, DELHI, INDIA



T. Allen

J. Hodges

ST. KNIGHTON'S KIEVE NEAR BOSCASTLE.

ST. KNIGHTON'S KIEVE.

SILENT and still was the haunted stream,
Feeble and faint was the moon's pale beam,
And the wind that whispered the waving bough
Was like the sound of some godless vow.

Far in the distance the waters fell
Foaming o'er many a pinnacle ;
They waged with the crags an angry fight ;
'Twas a dreary sound in the dead of night.

But the place where we stood was a quiet nook,
Like a secret page in nature's book ;
Down at our feet was the midnight well,
Nought of its depths can the daylight tell.

An old oak tree grows near to the spot,
Grey with moss of long years forgot ;
They say that the dead are sleeping below,
'Twas a shrine of the Druids ages ago.

One alone stood beside me there,
The dismal silence I could not bear ;
A mariner wild from beyond the sea :
I wish that he had not been with me.

Over the gloomy well we hung,
And a long, long line with the lead we flung ;
And as the line and the hook we threw,
Darker and dárker the waters grew.

With gibe and jest that mariner stood,
Mocking the night of that gloomy flood ;
Quoth he, " when the line brings its treasure up,
I'll drain a deep draught from the golden cup.

" I only wish it were filled with wine,
Water has little love of mine ;
But the eyes I'll pledge will lend a glow,
They're the brightest and wickedest eyes I know.

ST. KNIGHTON'S KIEVE.

“ Though those eyes light up a cloister now,
Little she recks of the veil and the vow ;
And let but the well yield its gold to-night,
And St. Valerie's nun will soon take flight.”

Black and more black the midnight grew,
Black and more black was the water's hue ;
Then a ghastly sound on the silence broke,
And I thought of the dead beneath the oak.

“ Thank God, thank God for light below,
‘Tis the charmed cup that is flashing now ;”
“ No thanks to God,” my comrade cries,
“ ‘Tis our own good skill that has won the prize.”

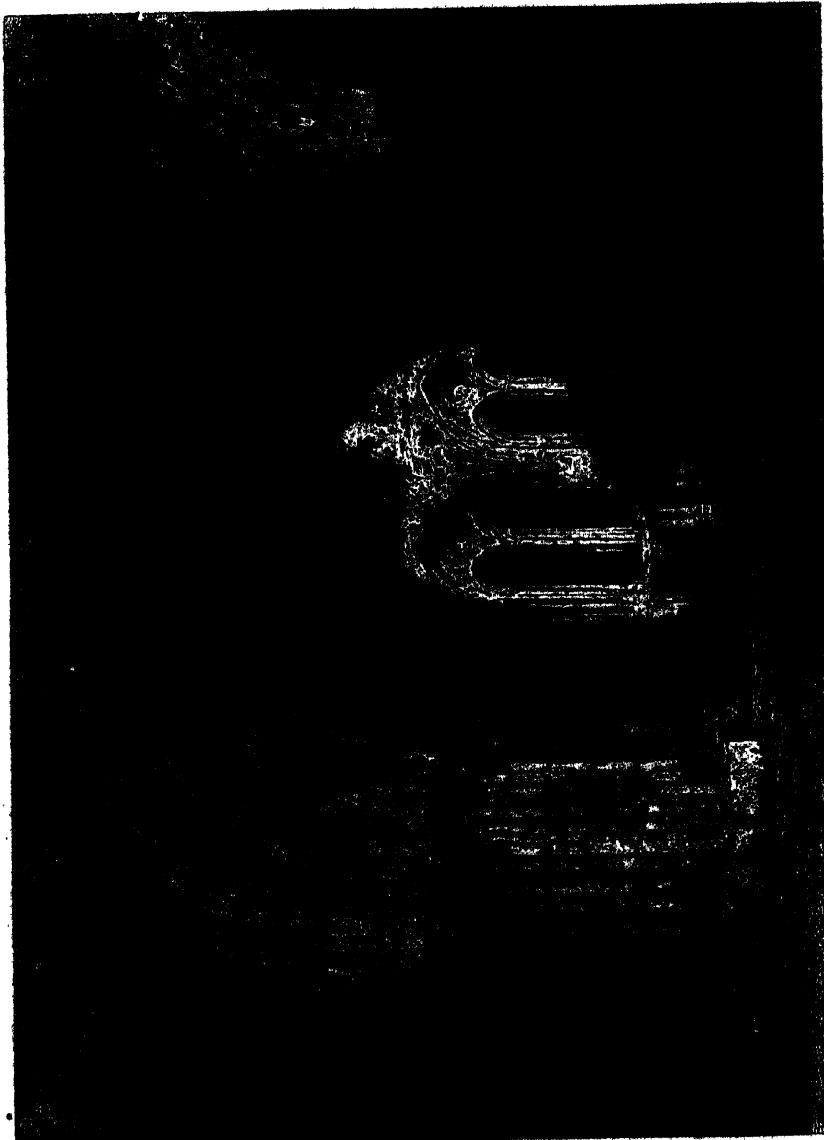
There came a flash of terrible light,
And I saw that my comrade's face was white ;
The golden cup rose up on the foam,
Then down it plunged to its mystical home.

Then all was night—and I may not tell
What agony there on my spirit fell ;
But I pray'd for our Lady's grace as I lay,
And the pain and the darkness past away.

Years have past, yet that sinful man,
Though his hair is grey and his face is wan,
Keeps plunging his line in the gloom of that well ;
He is under the Evil Spirits spell.

‘Twas the fairies carved that cup's bright mould,
What have we to do with their gold ?
Now our Lady forgive my hour of sin,
That ever I sought that cup to win.

I am indebted to a communication from Mr. Clarke for this legend. He has not stated the attempt to gain the golden cup, hidden in the well, to be an act so reprehensible as I have made it. However, I only follow common custom, in putting upon any act the worst possible construction.



Engraved by P. Sannie

Engraved by T. Alcorn.

THE EGYPTIAN, OR, THE HISTORY OF THE
ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT AND NUBIA.

1800. VOL. I. PART II. 1804.

CHAPTER-HOUSE, FURNESS ABBEY.

THE following lines are a translation of an exquisite epistle addressed by St. Beuve to A. Fontenay. It applies very aptly to the fine old Abbey, whose ruins seem the very ideal of the poet's wish.

“ YOUNG friend, if, after struggles, toils, and many a passion past,
A vanquished one, who from his car has the worn harness cast ;
Or whether, drawing in your sail, the first rude wind has thrown
Your vessel in some quiet port, henceforth to be your own ;
Or either some unhappy love, which, lingering with you still,
For any further voyage in life has left you little will.
And from a path that charms you not—at the first step returning,
Like some pale lover during night, by some lone threshold mourning ;
Or whether, full of hope and truth, you share life's better part,
Of love unconscious ; though a man, a very child at heart.

“ Dear friend, if it be your's to have in some deep vale a home,
Where you may dream of faith and fate, and all the great, to come.
If such a place of tranquil rest be to your future given,
Where every hour of solitude is consecrate to heaven,
Oh, leave it not ! let this vain life fret its few hours afar,
Where joy departs, and glory mocks the wide world's weary war :
Let not its rude and angry tide with jarring torrent wake
The silence that the poplars love, of your own limpid lake.

“ Ah, stay ! live lonely on, and soon, the silence and the sound
Of music by the wandering winds, amid the reed-tops found ;
The colour which each various bough has on its various leaves,
The hue which the transparent wave from the bright morn receives :
Or nearer, from your window seen, your garden's pleasant trees,
Your chamber and its daily walls—or even less than these ;
All round will be your comforters, and, living but for you,
Will talk to you in wordless speech, a language soft and true.
Like some safe friend with drooping head, who utters not a word,
But yet has guessed your inmost thoughts, and with a look has heard.
Yes, solitude amid her depths has many a hidden balm
Guarded for those who leave her not, to strengthen and to calm.

“ It has been long a dream of mine—a lonely one to dwell,
Where some old abbey's ruins hide a solitary cell ;
A gloomy room, with iron bars across the window placed,
And o'er the narrow panes of glass fantastic crossings traced :
And green moss peeping forth amid the riven granite stone,
And the dim arches over-head with ivy overgrown.”

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

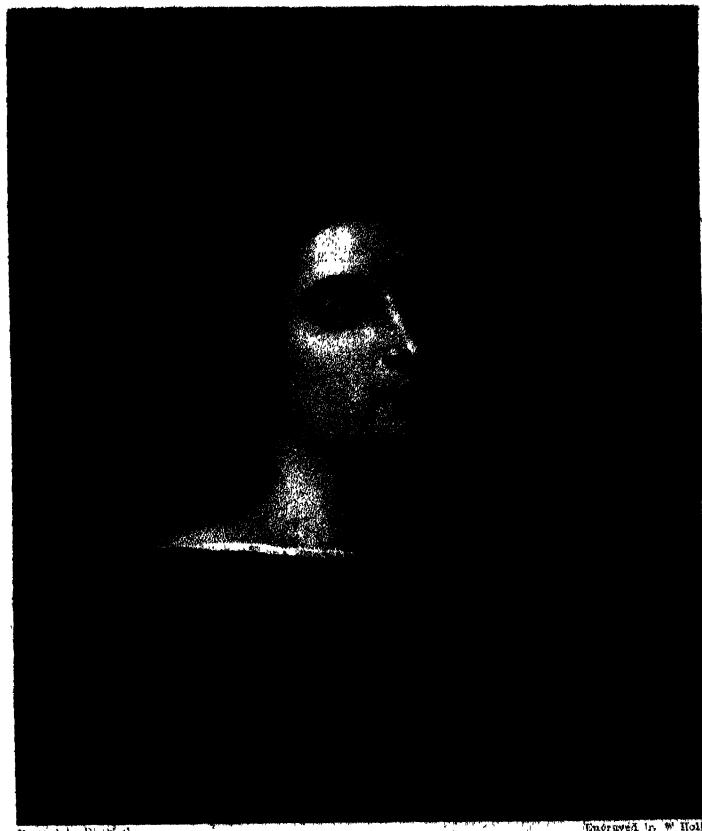
Such is the dwelling, grey and old, which, in some world worn mood,
The youthful poet dreamed would suit his future solitude.
If the old abbey be his search, he might seek far and near
Ere he would find a gothic cell more lorn and lone than here :
Long years have darkened into time since vespers here were rung,
And here has been no other dirge than what the winds have sung ;
And here the drooping ivy wreaths in ancient clusters fall, *
And moss o'er each device hath grown upon the sculptured wall :
Yet might he find some southern cell, where sweet wild flowers are creeping,
And old pear trees below the arch—their autumn leaves are weeping.
There might he heap the treasured things he mentions in his song,
Scrolls, crayons, folios, which have been familiar friends so long :
*A picture half effaced, (once dear), a lute, an oaken chair,
Black but inlaid with ivory, a lock of golden hair,
And letters dated years ago, and poems half complete,
In picturesque disorder flung, would make a dwelling meet
For the young poet anchorite, who from our world hath flown,
To build, in solitude and song, another of his own

* “ Un portrait effacé
Que fut cher autrefois.”

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

THIS celebrated Italian was essentially the painter of beauty. Of the devotion with which he sought its inspiration in its presence, a remarkable instance is recorded. He either could not or would not paint without the presence of his lovely mistress, LA FORNARINA.

[Ah! not for him the dull and measured eye,
Which colours nothing in the common sky,
Which sees but night upon the starry cope,
And animates with no mysterious hope.
Which looks upon a quiet face, nor dreams
If it be ever tranquil as it seems;
Which reads no histories in a passing look,
Nor on the cheek which is the heart's own book,
Whereon it writes in rosy characters
Whate'er emotion in its silence stirs.
Such are the common people of the soul,
Of whom the stars write not in their bright scroll.
These, when the sunshine at the noontide makes
Golden confusion in the forest brakes,



Painted by Raphael

Engraved by W. Holl

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

Elnostro raphaello dipintore i fioreza

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

See no sweet shadows gliding o'er the grass,
Which seems to fill with wild flowers as they pass;
These, from the twilight music of the fount
Ask not its secret and its sweet account;
These never seek to read the chronicle
Which hides within the hyacinth's dim-lit bell:
They know not of the poetry which lies
Upon the summer rose's languid eyes;
They have no spiritual visitings elysian,
They dream no dreamings, and they see no vision.

The young Italian was not of the clay,
That doth to dust one long allegiance pay.
No; he was tempered with that finer flame,
Which ancient fables say from heaven came;
The sunshine of the soul, which fills the earth
With beauty borrowed from its place of birth.
Hence has the lute its song, the scroll its line;
Hence stands the statue glorious as its shrine;
Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
The mind's creations from the world within.]

— — — — —

Not without me!—alone, thy hand
Forgot its art awhile;
Thy pencil lost its high command,
Uncherished by my smile.
It was too dull a task for thee
To paint remembered rays;
Thou, who wert wont to gaze on me,
And colour from that gaze.

I know that I am very fair,
I would I were divine,
To realize the shapes that share
Those midnight hours of thine.
Thou sometimes tell'st me, how in sleep
What lovely phantoms seem;
I hear thee name them, and I weep,
Too jealous of a dream.

But thou didst pine for me, my love.
Aside thy colours thrown;
'Twas sad to raise thine eyes above,
Unanswered by my own:
Thou who art wont to lift those eyes,
And gather from my face
The warmth of life's impassioned dyes,
Its colour and its grace.

MARDALE HEAD.

Ah! let me linger at thy side,
And sing some sweet old song,
That tells of hearts as true and tried,
As to ourselves belong.
The love, whose light thy colours give,
Is kindled at the heart;
And who shall bid its influence live,
My Raphael, if we part?

The portrait from which this engraving is taken, is the one in the Berlin gallery;—a portrait late researches ascertain to be the genuine one.

MARDALE HEAD.

Why should I seek these scenes again, the past
Is on yon valley like a shroud?

Weep for the love that fate forbids,
Yet loves unhoping on,
Though every light that once illumed
Its early path be gone.

Weep for the love that must resign
The heart's enchanted dream,
And float, like some neglected bark,
Adown life's lonely stream.

Weep for the love these scenes recall,
Like some enduring spell;
It rests within the soul which loves
Too vainly, and too well.

Weep for the breaking heart condemn'd
To see its youth pass by,
Whose lot has been in this cold world
To dream, despair, and die.

“ Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Haweswater is Mardale Head, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau ideal of romantic grandeur and sublimity. The beautiful representation which the artist has given, renders description almost needless, and almost impossible.”



E. Chaffin

MANUFACTURER, TRADITION, TRUST, PLENTY, INTEGRITY.

1000 - 1200 - 1400 - 1600

1 Albion



WINDLESHAW ABBEY.

MARK you not yon sad procession,
'Mid the ruin'd abbey's gloom,
Hastening to the worm's possession,
To the dark and silent tomb !

See the velvet pall hangs over
Poor mortality's remains :
We should shudder to discover
What that coffin's space contains
Death itself is lovely—wearing
But the colder shape of sleep ;
Or the solemn statue bearing
Beauty that forbids to weep.

But decay—the pulses tremble
When its livid signs appear :
When the once-loved lips resemble
All we loathe, and all we fear.

Is it not a ghastly ending
For the body's godlike form,
Thus to the damp earth descending,
Food and triumph to the worm ?

Better far the red pile blazing
With the spicy Indian wood,
Incense unto heaven raising
From the sandal oil's sweet flood.

In the bright pyre's kindling flashes,
Let my yielded soul ascend ;
Fling to the wild winds my ashes
Till with mother-earth they blend.

Not so,—let the pale urn keep them ;
Touch'd with spices, oil, and wine ;
Let there be some one to weep them ;
Wilt thou keep that urn ? Love mine !

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

“ Now as they were going along, and talking, they spied a boy feeding his father’s sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung. Then said the guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called *heart’s-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.” [Pilgrim’s Progress.]

LIKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world’s prime;
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy,
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining
Dost ask what thou hast not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming,
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip bending,
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour’s ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone,
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.



Engraved by J. P. Morris

Drawn by W. W. H. Morris

Ergonomics 2017, 58 2600

卷之三

卷之三十一

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

"THESE celebrated Caves are situated in the beautiful island of their own name. It is composed of two hills, with a narrow valley between them. Ascending the narrow path where the two hills are knit together, there lies below the superb prospect of the sea and the adjacent shores. Gradually an open space is gained, and we come suddenly on the grand entrance of a magnificent temple, whose huge massive columns seem to give support to the whole mountain which is above. The entrance into the temple, which is entirely hewn out of a stone resembling porphyry, is by two massive pillars forming three openings, under a steep rock overhung by reeds and wild shrubs."

WHAT know we of them ? Nothing—there they stand,
Gloomy as night, inscrutable as fate.

Altars no more divine, and shrines which know
Nor priests, nor votaries, nor sacrifice ;
The stranger's wonder all their worship now.
And yet coeval as the native rock
Seem they with mother earth—immutable.

Time—tempest—warfare—ordinary decay,
Is not for these. The memory of man
Has lost their rise—although they are his work.

Two senses here are present ; one of Power,
And one of Nothingness ; doth it not mock
The mighty mind to see the meeker part,
The task it taught its hands, outlast itself ?
The temple was a type, a thing of stone,
Built by laborious days which made up years ;
The creed which hallowed it was of the soul ;
And yet the creed hath past—the temple stands.

The high beliefs which raised themselves to heaven ;
The general truths on which religions grow ;
The strong necessity of self-restraint ;
The needful comfort of some future hope
Than that whose promise only binds to-day,
And future fear, parent of many faiths :
Those vast desires, unquenchable, which sweep
Beyond the limits of our little world,
And know there is another by themselves ;
These constitute the spiritual of man.

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

'Tis they who elevate and who redeem,
By some great purpose, some on-looking end,
The mere brute exercise of common strength.
Yet these have left no trace. The mighty shrine,
Undeified, speaks force, and only force,
Man's meanest attribute.

It is impossible to help regretting the desecration of these Titanic temples. Better the imposing presence of any religion than of none. The utter desertion of these cavern shrines is even more extraordinary than their original erection. Architecture was the first wonder of the world. Alike gigantic—the pyramid, the temple, and the tomb are the written language of earth's earliest records. No details of builder or of building have come down to our distant day. Yet the principle in man's nature which led to their erection remains the same. We comprehend the motive of these mighty monuments. But in the Caves of Elephanta not a trace remains, to account for one of the most singular revolutions that ever took place in public opinion; taking place, too, in a country where every thing is so immovable. Strange, for the religion to remain the same, when its altars are deserted! There are some mysteries, like the statue of Isis, from whose face science never lifts the veil.

•

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

BORN OCTOBER 24, 1765; DIED MAY 30, 1832.

AMONG the many faculties which abounded in this distinguished and highly gifted man, his memory was one of the most extraordinary. A friend walking one day with him in a favourite garden, made a quotation from Hume,—“ You are wrong,” said Sir James, and immediately repeated the whole essay by heart. He had not read it for years.



Painted by Sir Thos Lawrence, R.A.

Engraved by J. Cochran.

THE RT HON^{BLE} SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

James Mackintosh

THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

THE Legend, on which this story is founded, is immediately taken from Mr. Thoma's most interesting collection. I have allowed myself some licence, in my arrangement of the story : but fairy tales have an old-established privilege of change ; at least, if we judge by the various shapes which they assume in the progress of time, and by process of translation.

WHY did she love her mother's so ?
It hath wrought her wondrous wo.

Once she saw an armed knight
In the pale sepulchral night ;
When the sullen starbeams throw
Evil spells on earth below ;
And the moon is cold and pale,
And a voice is on the gale,
Like a lost soul's heavenward cry,
Hopeless in its agony.

He stood beside the castle gate,
The hour was dark, the hour was late ;
With the bearing of a king
Did he at the portal ring,
And the loud and hollow bell
Sounded like a Christian's knell.
That pale child stood on the wall
Watching there, and saw it all.
Then she was a child as fair
As the opening blossoms are :
But with large black eyes, whose light
Spoke of mystery and might.

The stately stranger's head was bound
With a bright and golden round ;
Curiously inlaid, each scale
Shone upon his glittering mail ;
His high brow was cold and dim,
And she felt she hated him.
Then she heard her mother's voice,
Saying, " 'Tis not at my choice !
" Wo for ever, wo the hour,
" When you sought my secret bower,
" Listening to the word of fear,
" Never meant for human ear.

" Thy suspicion's vain endeavour,
" Wo ! wo ! parted us for ever."

Still the porter of the hall
Heeded not that crown'd knight's call.
When a glittering shape there came,
With a brow of starry flame ;
And he led that knight again
O'er the bleak and barren plain.
He flung, with an appealing cry,
His dark and desperate arms on high ;
And from Melusina's sight
Fled away through thickest night.

Who has not, when but a child,
Treasured up some vision wild ;
Haunting them with nameless fear,
Filling all they see or hear,
In the midnight's lonely hour,
With a strange mysterious power ?
So a terror undefined
Entered in that infant mind ;—
A fear that haunted her alone,
For she told her thought to none.

Years passed on, and each one threw
O'er those walls a deeper hue ;
Large and old the ivy leaves
Heavy hung around the eaves,
Till the darksome rooms within
Daylight never entered in.
And the spider's silvery line
Was the only thing to shine.

Years past on,—the fair child now
Wore maiden beauty on her brow—
Beauty such as rarely flowers
In a fallen world like ours.

She was tall; a queen might wear
Such a proud imperial air;
She was tall, yet when unbound,
Swept her bright hair to the ground,
Glittering like the gold you see
On a young laburnum tree.
Yet her eyes were dark as night,
Melancholy as moonlight,
With the fierce and wilder ray
Of a meteor on its way.
Lonely was her childhood's time,
Lonelier was her maiden prime;
And she wearied of the hours
Wasted in those gloomy towers;
Sometimes through the sunny sky
She would watch the swallows fly,
Making of the air a bath,

In a thousand joyous rings;
She would ask of them their path,
She would ask of them their wings.
Once her stately mother came,
With her dark eye's funeral flame,
And her cheek as pale as death,
And her cold and whispering breath;
With her sable garments bound
By a mystic girdle round,
Which, when to the east she turned,
With a sudden lustre burned.
Once that ladye, dark and tall,
Stood upon the castle wall;
And she marked her daughter's eyes
Fix'd upon the glad sunrise,
With a sad yet eager look,
Such as fixes on a book
Which describes some happy lot,
Lit with joys that we have not.
And the thought of what has been,
And the thought of what might be,
Makes us crave the fancied scene,
And despise reality.
Twas a drear and desert plain
Lay around their own domain;

But, far off, a world more fair
Outlined on the sunny air;
Hung amid the purple clouds,
With which early morning shrouds
All her blushes, brief and bright,
Waking up from sleep and night.
In a voice so low and dread,
As a voice that wakes the dead;
Then that stately lady said:
" Daughter of a kingly line,—
" Daughter, too, of race like mine,—
" Such a kingdom had been thine;
" For thy father was a king,
" Whom I wed with word and ring.
" But in an unhappy hour,
" Did he pass my secret bower,—
" Did he listen to the word,
" Mortal ear hath never heard;
" From that hour of grief and pain
" Might we never meet again.
" Maiden, listen to my rede,
" Punished for thy father's deed;
" Here, an exile, I must stay,
" While he sees the light of day.
" Child, his race is mixed in thee,
" With mine own more high degree.
" Hadst thou at Christ's altar stood,
" Bathed in His redeeming flood;
" Thou of my wild race had known
" But its loveliness alone.
" Now thou hast a mingled dower,
" Human passion—fairy power.
" But forefend thee from the last:
" Be its gifts behind thee cast.
" Many tears will wash away
" Mortal sin from mortal clay.
" Keep thou then a timid eye
" On the hopes that fill yon sky;
" Bend thou with a suppliant knee,
" And thy soul yet saved may be;—
" Saved by Him who died to save
" Man from death beyond the grave."

THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

Easy 'tis advice to give,
Hard it is advice to take.
Years that lived—and years to live,
Wide and weary difference make
To that elder ladye's mood,
Suited silent solitude :
For her lorn heart's wasted soil
Now repaid not hope's sweet toil.
Never more could spring-flowers grow,
On the worn-out soil below ;
But to the young Melusine,
Earth and heaven were yet divine.
Still illusion's purple light
Was upon the morning tide,
And there rose before her sight
The loveliness of life untried.
Three sweet genii,—Youth, Love, Hope,—
Drew her future horoscope.
Must such lights themselves consume ?
Must she be her own dark tomb ?
But far other thoughts than these—
Life's enchanted phantasies,
Were, with Melusina now,
Stern and dark, contracts her brow ;
And her bitten lip is white,
As with passionate resolve.
Muttered she,—“ It is my right ;
“ On me let the task devolve :
“ Since such blood to me belongs ;
“ It shall seek its own bright sphere ;
“ I will well avenge the wrongs
“ Of my mother exiled here.”

* * * * *

Two long years are come and past,
And the maiden's lot is cast ;—
Cast in mystery and power,
Work'd out by the watching hour,
By the word that spirits tell,
By the sign and by the spell.
Two long years have come and gone,
And the maiden dwells alone.

For the deed which she hath done,
Is she now a banished one ;—
Banished from her mother's arms,
Banished by her mother's charms,
With a curse of grief and pain,
Never more to meet again.
Great was the revenge she wrought,
Dearly that revenge was bought.

When the maiden felt her powers,
Straight she sought her father's towers.
With a sign, and with a word,
Passed she on unseen, unheard.
One, a pallid minstrel born
On Good Friday's mystic morn,
Said he saw a lady there,
Tall and stately, strange and fair,
With a stern and glittering eye,
Like a shadow gliding by.
All was fear and awe next day,
For the king had passed away.
He had pledged his court at night,
In the red grape's flowing light.
All his pages saw him sleeping ;
Next day there was wail and weeping.
Halls and lands were wandered o'er,
But they saw their king no more.
Strange it is, and sad to tell,
What the royal knight befell.
Far upon a desert land,
Does a mighty mountain stand ;
On its summit there is snow,
While the bleak pines moan below ;
And within there is a cave
Opened for a monarch's grave.
Bound in an enchanted sleep
She hath laid him still and deep.
She, his only child, has made
That strange tomb where he is laid :
Nothing more of earth to know,
Till the final trumpet blow.

THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

Mortal lip nor mortal ear,
Were not made to speak nor hear
That accursed word which sealed,—
All those gloomy depths concealed.

With a look of joy and pride,
Then she sought her mother's side.
Whispering, on her bended knee,
“ Oh ! my mother, joyous be ;
“ For the mountain torrents spring
“ O'er that faithless knight and king.”
Not another word she spoke,
For her speech a wild shriek broke ;
For the widowed queen upsprung,
Wild her pale thin hands she wrung.
With her black hair falling round,
Flung her desperate on the ground ;
While young Melusine stood by,
With a fixed and fearful eye.

When her agony was past,
Slowly rose the queen at last ;
With her black hair, like a shroud,
And her bearing high and proud ;
With the marble of her brow,
Colder than its custom now ;
And her eye with a strange light,
Seemed to blast her daughter's sight.
And she felt her whole frame shrink,
And her young heart's pulses sink ;
And the colour left her mouth,

As she saw her mother signing,
One stern hand towards the south,
Where a strange red star was shining.

With a muttered word and gaze,
Fixed upon its vivid rays ;
Then she spoke, but in a tone,
Her's, yet all alike her own. —
“ Spirit of our spirit-line,
“ Curse for me this child of mine.
“ Six days yield not to our powers,
“ But the seventh day is ours.
“ By yon star, and by our line,
“ Be thou cursed, maiden mine.”

Then the maiden felt hot pain
Run through every burning vein.
Sudden, with a fearful cry,
Writhes she in her agony ;
Burns her cheek as with a flame,
For the maiden knows her shame.

PART II.

By a lovely river's side,
Where the water-lilies glide,
Pale, as if with constant care
Of the treasures which they bear :
For those ivory vases hold
Each a sunny gift of gold.
And blue flowers on the banks,
Grow in wild and drooping ranks,
Bending mournfully above,
O'er the waters which they love ;
But which bear off, day by day,
Their shadow and themselves away.
Willows by that river grow
With their leaves half green, half snow,
Summer never seems to be
Present all with that sad tree.
With its bending boughs are wrought
Tender and associate thought,
Of the wreaths that maidens wear
In their long-neglected hair.
Of the branches that are thrown
On the last, the funeral stone.
And of those torn wreaths that suit
Youthful minstrel's wasted lute.
But the stream is gay to-night
With the full-moon's golden light,
And the air is sweet with singing,
And the joyous horn is ringing,
While fair groups of dancers round
Circle the enchanted ground.

THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

And a youthful warrior stands
Gazing not upon those bands,
Not upon the lovely scene,
But upon its lovelier queen,
Who with gentle word and smile
Courteous prays his stay awhile.

The fairy of the fountains, she
A strange and lovely mystery,
She of whom wild tales have birth,
When beside a winter hearth,
By some aged crone is told,
Marvel new or legend old.
But the ladye fronts him there,
He but sees she is so fair,
He but hears that in her tone
Dwells a music yet unknown ;
He but feels that he could die
For the sweetness of her sigh.
But how many dreams take flight
With the dim enamoured night ;
Cold the morning light has shone,
And the fairy train are gone,
Melted in the dewy air,
Lonely stands young Raymond there.
Yet not all alone, his heart
Hath a dream that will not part
From that beating heart's recess ;
What that dream that lovers guess.

Yet another year hath flown
In a stately hall alone,
Like an idol in a shrine
Sits the radiant Melusine.
It is night, yet o'er the walls,
Light, but light unearthly, falls.
Not from lamp nor taper thrown,
But from many a precious stone,
With whose variegated shade
Is the azure roof inlaid,
And whose coloured radiance throws
Hues of violet and rose.
Sixty pillars, each one shining
With a wreath of rubies twining,

Bear the roof—the snow-white floor
Is with small stars studded o'er.
Sixty vases stand between,
Filled with perfumes for a queen ;
And a silvery cloud exhales
Odours like those fragrant gales,
Which at eve float o'er the sea
From the purple Araby.
Nothing stirs the golden gloom
Of that dim enchanted room.
Not a step is flitting round,
Not a noise, except the sound
Of the distant fountains falling,
With a soft perpetual calling,
To the echoes which reply
Musical and mournfully.

Sits the fairy ladye there,
Like a statue, pale and fair ;
From her cheek the rose has fled,
Leaving deeper charms instead.
On that marble brow are wrought
Traces of impassioned thought ;
Such as without shade or line
Leave their own mysterious sign.
While her eyes, they are so bright,
Dazzle with imperious light.
Wherefore doth the maiden bend ?
Wherefore doth the blush ascend,
Crimson even to her brow,
Sight nor step are near her now ?
Hidden by her sweeping robe,
Near her stands a crystal globe,
Gifted with strange power to show
All that she desires to know.

First she sees her palace gate,
With its steps of marble state ;
Where two kneeling forms seem weeping
O'er the watch which they are keeping,
While around the dusky boughs
Of a gloomy forest close,
Not for those that blush arose.

THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

But she sees beside the gate,
A young and anxious palmer wait;
Well she knows it is for her,
He has come a worshipper.
For a year and for a day,
Hath he worn his weary way;
Now a sign from that white hand,
And the portals open stand.
But a moment, and they meet,
Raymond kneels him at her feet;
Reading in her downcast eye,
All that woman can reply.

Wearily, weary had the hours
Passed within her fairy bowers;
She was haunted with a dream
Of the knight beside the stream.
Who hath never felt the sense
Of such charmed influence.
When the shapes of midnight sleep
One beloved object keep,
Which amid the cares of day
Never passes quite away?
Guarded for the sweetest mood
Of our happy solitude,
Linked with every thing we love,
Flower below or star above:
Sweet spell after sweet spell thrown
Till the wide world is its own.

Turned the ladye deadly pale,
As she heard her lover's tale,
"Yes," she said, oh! low sweet word,
Only in a whisper heard.
"Yes, if my true heart may be
Worthy, Christian knight, of thee,
By the love that makes thee mine
I am deeply dearly thine.
But a spell is on me thrown,
Six days may each deed be shown,
But the seventh day must be
Mine, and only known to me.
Never must thy step intrude
On its silent solitude."

Hidden from each mortal eye
Until seven years pass by.
When these seven years are flown,
All my secret may be known.
But if, with suspicious eye,
Thou on those dark hours wilt pry,
Then farewell, beloved in vain,
Never might we meet again."
Gazing on one worshipped brow,
When hath lover spared a vow?
With an oath and with a prayer
Did he win the prize he sought,
Never was a bride so fair,
As the bride that Raymond brought
From the wood's enchanted bowers
To his old ancestral towers.
— Oh, sweet love, could thy first prime
Linger on the steps of time,
Man would dream the unkind skies
Sheltered still a Paradise.
But, alas, the serpent's skill
Is amid our gardens still.

Soon a dark inquiring thought
On the baron's spirit wrought:
She, who seemed to love him so,
Had she aught he might not know?
Was it woe, how could she bear
Grief he did not soothe nor share?
Was it guilt? no—heaven's own grace
Lightened in that loveliest face.
Then his jealous fancies rose,
(Our Lady keep the mind from those!)
Like a fire within the brain,
Maddens that consuming pain.
Henceforth is no rest by night,
Henceforth day has no delight.
Life hath agonies that tell
Of their late left native hell.
But mid their despair is none
Like that of the jealous one.

"Tis again the fatal day,
When the ladye must away,

To her lonely palace made
Far within the forest shade,
Where the mournful fountains sweep
With a voice that seems to weep.
On that morn Lord Raymond's bride
Ere the daybreak leaves his side.
Never does the ladye speak
But her tears are on his cheek,
And he hears a stifled moan
As she leaves him thus alone.
Hath she then complaint to make,
Is there yet some spell to break?
Come what will, of weal or wo,
'Tis the best the worst to know.

He hath followed—wo, for both,
That the knight forgot his oath.

Where the silvery fountains fall,
Stands no more the charmed hall ;
But the dismal yew trees droop,
And the pines above them stoop,
While the gloomy branches spread,
As they would above the dead,
In some church-yard large and drear
Haunted with perpetual fear.
Dark and still like some vast grave,
Near there yawns a night-black cave.
O'er its mouth wild ivy twines
There the daylight never shines.
Beast of prey or dragon's lair,
Yet the knight hath entered there.

Dimly doth the distant day
Scatter an uncertain ray,
While strange shapes and ghastly eyes
Mid the spectral darkness rise.
But he hurries on, and near
He sees a sudden light appear,
Wan and cold like that strange lamp
Which amid the charnel's damp
Shows but brightens not the gloom
Of the corpse and of the tomb.
With a cautious step he steals
To the cave that light reveals.

'Tis such grotto as might be,
Nereid's home beneath the sea.
Created with the small bright stars
Of a thousand rainbow spars.
And a fountain from the side
Pours beneath its crystal tide,
In a white and marble bath
Singing on its silvery path;
While a meteor's emerald rays
O'er the lucid water plays.—
Close beside, with wild flowers laid,
Is a couch of green moss made.
There he sees his lady lie;
Pain is in her languid eye,
And amid her hair the dew
Half obscures its golden' hue;
Damp and heavy, and unbound,
Its wan clusters sweep around.
On her small hand leans her head,—
See the fevered cheek is red,
And the fiery colour rushes
To her brow in hectic blushes.—
What strange vigil is she keeping!
He can hear that she is weeping.—
He will fling him at her feet,
He will kiss away her tears.
Ah, what doth his wild eyes meet,
What below that form appears?
Downwards from that slender waist,
By a golden zone embraced,
Do the many folds escape,
Of the subtle serpent's shape.—
Bright with many-coloured dyes
All the glittering scales arise,
With a red and purple glow
Colouring the waves below!
At the strange and fearful sight,
Stands in mute despair the knight,—
Soon to feel a worse despair,
Melusina sees him there!
And to see him is to part
With the idol of her heart,

THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

Part as just the setting sun
Tells the fatal day is done.
Vanish all those serpent rings,
To her feet the lady springs,
And the shjek rings thro' the cell,
Of despairing love's farewell,—
Hope and happiness are o'er,
They can meet on earth no more.

— — — —
Years have past since this wild tale—
Still is heard that lady's wail,
Ever round that ancient tower,
Ere its lord's appointed hour.

With a low and moaning breath
She must mark approaching death,
While remains Lord Raymond's line
Doomed to wander and to pine.
Yet, before the stars are bright,
On the evening's purple light,
She beside the fountain stands
Wringing sad her shadowy hands.
May our Lady, as long years
Pass with their atoning tears,
Pardon with her love divine
The fountain fairy—Melusine ?*

* Raymond, first lord of Lusignan, died as a hermit, at Monserrat. Melusina's was a yet harsher doom - fated to flit over the earth, in pain and sorrow, as a spectre. Only when one of the race of Lusignan were about to die, does she become visible,—and wanders wailing around the Castle. Tradition also represents her shadow as hovering over the Fountain of Thirst.—*Thome's Lays and Legends.*

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